The Outlook

Vol. 67 April 20, 1901 No. 16

CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

Congressman Littlefield on Cuba..... 883
News from the Philippines..... 884
New York's Charter Revision..... 884
New York Canal Plans..... 885
Free Text-Books and Parochial Schools.. 885
George Q. Cannon..... 886
The Cost of Royalty..... 886
Chamberlainism..... 887
King Charles of Portugal..... 888
A New Foreign Settlement in China..... 889
Dr. Hykes on China..... 889
Third Methodist Episcopal Ecumenical Conference..... 889
A New Question (The Fond du Lac Consecration)..... 890
The Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society..... 891
The Presbyterian General Assembly..... 891
Prize-Fighting in Mexico..... 892
Professor Goodwin's Retirement..... 892
Prizes for Improvement..... 892
Trade in 1901..... 893
The Decline of France..... 893

EDITORIALS:

Tenement-House Reform Victory..... 894
The Moral Test of Citizenship..... 895
Concerning Athletics..... 896
"Good Friday Meditation"..... 898
The Spectator..... 899

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

The Making of an American: An Autobiography. Chapter IV.—A Wanderer.. 901
By Jacob A. Riis
The New Century (Poem)..... 907
By Caroline Hazard
The Rights of Man: A Study in Twentieth Century Problems. Chapter III.—The Growth of Democracy..... 908
By Lyman Abbott
The Union Organist: A Sketch..... 915
By H. V. S. Myers

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

The Peace Conference at The Hague (Holls) 919
By Edward Everett Hale
Books of the Week..... 920

NOTES AND QUERIES..... 926
CORRESPONDENCE..... 927

The Outlook is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

Price.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

Postage is Prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

Change of Address.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

Discontinuances.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

How to Remit.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

Letters should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

287 Fourth Avenue, New York

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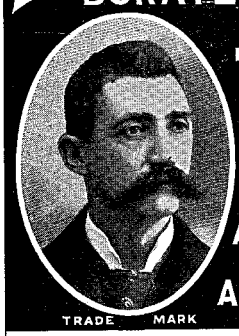

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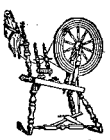

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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Congressman Littlefield on Cuba

We are obliged to Congressman Littlefield, of Maine, for his letter which we publish on another page; he makes it clear that The Outlook was incorrect in saying, "There is not the *least* reason for affirming that the Platt amendment is or was intended by Congress to be an ultimatum." Nevertheless, the declaration by a single speaker in Congress, however representative he may be of his party, cannot convert the first formulated statement of conditions for treaty with a foreign power into a true ultimatum; and the conditions embodied in the Platt amendment are in form and in fact propositions for a treaty with Cuba. Substitute for the word "least" the word "adequate" in The Outlook's statement, and it will not be incorrect. An ultimatum is, in diplomatic negotiations, the "final terms of one of the parties, the rejection of which may involve an immediate rupture of diplomatic relations, and even lead to a declaration of war." The statement of a single speaker that he regards certain conditions as such an ultimatum is not an adequate reason for affirming that they are or would be so regarded by Congress. The way is entirely open for Cuba to send a commission to Washington, in order to enter into negotiations with the Administration at Washington for the purpose of securing a modification of the conditions contained in the Platt amendment, if such modifications are desired. This has been proposed in the Cuban Convention, and, according to latest reports, a commissioner or commissioners will be sent. No doubt the Platt amendment is binding upon the Executive, which cannot modify its provisions without authority from Congress; no doubt it represents, not merely the transient feeling, but the well-considered purpose, of the Administration, both in the executive and legislative branches; but it does not follow that modifications in these conditions might not be secured, in case their desirability were shown, as the result of negotiations between representatives of the Cuban Convention and of the United States Government.

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Does Cuba Object?

All this is based on the assumption that the Cubans have serious objections to those conditions. This is by no means certain. While it is very difficult to ascertain, from the contradictory reports which come to us from Cuba, what the real and sober judgment of the Cuban people is, their objections, so far as we can judge, are chiefly to three clauses in the conditions—the third clause, which authorizes the United States to land troops in the island of Cuba for its protection against foreign invasion or domestic anarchy; the sixth clause, respecting the Isle of Pines, which the Cubans regard as a part of their territory, the title to which they are not willing should be questioned; and perhaps—though that is not so clear—the seventh clause, conceding our right to purchase lands for coaling or naval stations. The objections to the other clauses in the conditions appear to be lessening as the nature and object of these conditions are explained by public discussion; and we are inclined to believe that the objection to these clauses would also disappear after formal interview between representatives of the two countries, the official explanation of the significance of the two clauses, and possibly, though not necessarily, some verbal modification of the third clause. All that we now insist upon, however, is that the United States Government has not issued to Cuba any ultimatum; that behind the Platt amendment there lurks no threat of war; that there is nothing in

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its phraseology to alarm the Cuban pride or prevent self-respecting negotiations on the basis of this amendment, if modifications of it really seem to Cuban leaders essential to Cuban welfare. It is reported that the Convention last week Friday adopted a motion by a vote of 18 to 10 expressing the opinion that the Convention is opposed to the Platt amendment on account of the terms in which some of its clauses are drawn, and the contents of others, as the third, sixth, and seventh; but the cable despatches of the week have been meager and contradictory, and the meaning of the resolution noted above seems now to be under discussion in the very Convention which passed it.

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News from the Philippines It does not appear that the expected manifesto from Aguinaldo, urging his followers to submit to American control, has yet appeared. Cable despatches state that the manifesto was drawn up by Chief Justice Arellano, and that Aguinaldo has so far not been able to bring himself to accept some of the phrases. What is really the most important news of the week from the Philippines is that regarding the appointment as Governor of the Province of Iloilo (which contains nearly half the population of the island of Panay, in all a million people) of General Delgado, who surrendered to the United States three months ago. Up to the time of his surrender General Delgado was not only the chief insurgent leader in the island of Panay, but his ability, as shown during the occupation of the city of Iloilo by the insurgent forces in the early part of the war, was such that he is undoubtedly to-day the most beloved of Filipino officials among the native population; while he is recognized by the Americans as by far the ablest native in the island. General Delgado's appointment was recommended by General Hughes, in command of the American forces in Panay; he will receive a salary of three thousand dollars, and will work in unison with the army officers. The Filipino representative in Paris, Señor Agoncillo, has given out the statement that General Sandico has been elected Aguinaldo's successor in command of the Filipino forces, and as Dictator over the parts of the islands still in possession of the insurgents. Sandico is described as a well-educated man who speaks several European languages. The chaotic condition of things in the Philippines is illustrated by the fact that it is at least doubtful whether Sandico is still in the field; some despatches have stated that he surrendered to the American authorities early in April. General MacArthur, under date of April 11, announced the surrender by Colonel Arco of an important town in the province of Bataan, called Castillejos, together with two hundred and thirty-five soldiers; and various other reports of the surrender of small bodies of Filipinos have been received. A London despatch asserts that the Filipino Junta at Singapore had cabled to London the absurd statement that General MacArthur was preparing to torture Aguinaldo unless he took the oath of allegiance to the United States.

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New York's Charter Revision While the main features of the revised charter of New York City just accepted by the Legislature meet with general favor, any number of details are being subjected to a hot fire of criticism. The most alarming of these criticisms, however, seems to have arisen out of a misconception. The new charter, it has been widely proclaimed, gives to boards of education the right to appropriate public money for the support of private schools. The new charter does contain this provision in the broadest terms, but the provision furnishes no occasion for the charge that public grants for parochial schools are thereby authorized. Every grant of power made in the charter is subject to the limitations imposed by the State Constitution, and the State Constitution explicitly provides that

> Neither the State nor any subdivision thereof shall use its property or credit or any public money, or authorize or permit either to be used, directly or indirectly, in aid or maintenance, other than for examination or inspection, of any school or institution of learning wholly or in part under the control of any religious denomination, or in which any denominational tenet or doctrine is taught.

The only institutions under private control to which public money can constitutionally be granted are those which care for the public poor or provide "for the education and support of the blind, the deaf and dumb, and juvenile delinquents."

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Under the exceptional powers granted as respects these classes the old charter has permitted public appropriations to the schools of the Children's Aid Society and one or two other privately controlled institutions. The new charter broadens the power of the Board of Education to determine what schools for delinquent and dependent children may receive public aid, but no denominational school or purely private school could constitutionally receive an appropriation. Nevertheless, the whole principle of granting public aid to privately controlled institutions, however beneficent, has been found to be dangerous in the extreme, and even the slight change made in the new charter is to be deprecated. Much more effective, however, are the criticisms made against the provisions of the new charter giving proportionately more magistrates to Brooklyn, which is frequently Republican, than to Manhattan, which is always Democratic, making Brooklyn district magistrates elective where those of Manhattan are appointive, and authorizing large appropriations for public advertising in not yet established daily papers in the suburban boroughs of the city. These petty partisan "jokers," as they are called, inserted into the charter as it was being railroaded through the Legislature, will doubtless be the object of scathing and merited criticism from Mayor Van Wyck, to whom they must be submitted before they are finally made law. Partisanship of this sort always reacts upon its perpetrators sooner or later, and in this instance the reaction takes place at once, and may injure incidentally sound legislation.

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New York Canal Plans

Governor Odell's recommendation that the New York Legislature should submit to the voters the appropriation of $20,000,000 to complete the canal improvement upon which $9,000,000 has already been spent is meeting with opposition from the extreme friends as well as the extreme enemies of canal projects. The former assert that an appropriation of at least $52,000,000 for a barge canal is demanded by present conditions, and they prefer no appropriation to the compromise offered by the Governor. The enemies of canal projects do not fear that the State will ever make the large appropriation needed for the barge canal, and therefore believe that the defeat of the compromise puts an end to the expenditure of the State's money upon waterways. When two extremes thus unite in opposition, there are many who will assume that the compromise opposed must embody the golden mean which common sense will indorse. But the problem is not so easily settled. The golden mean is often the most untenable position that can be taken, and, according to "Engineering News," the present is one of those cases. Governor Odell, it urges, has been unjust to the barge canal project by estimating that transportation upon it will cost .88 mills per ton mile, where the engineers estimated the cost at .52 mills, and he has been unduly partial to the $20,000,000 improvement by estimating that the tonnage under it would aggregate four times as much as is at all likely. These objections from engineering authorities are likely to make the Legislature hesitate about submitting to the voters the proposed expenditure. In the lower House the referendum bill has, indeed, been approved by a small majority, but its final passage is uncertain. Among those who opposed it were representatives of the Grangers, who protested against the further taxation of the people of New York in order to lower rates for the carrying of grain from the West. In this opposition, of course, there was just as much class interest as there is in the opposition presented by the railroads, but it at least proves that opposition to the pending bill is not to be attributed exclusively to subserviency to the railroads. Indeed, there are probably many anti-monopolists who believe that if the reductions in railroad rates promised by the canal advocates are just, they ought at once to be secured by legislative enactment, without the waste of time and money necessary to secure the canal competition demanded.

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Free Text-Books and Parochial Schools

The free text-book bill now before the Illinois Legislature is meeting with strong opposition from the representatives of the parochial school systems. As was the case with the opposition a few years ago to the Wisconsin school law

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requiring the thorough teaching of English, the German Lutherans are quite as active as the Catholics in defense of the supposed interests of the parochial schools. The arguments in favor of free text-books are chiefly these: (1) That without them our free-school system is not really free to the poor who are unwilling to plead poverty to obtain books as charity; and (2) that text-books can be supplied by the schools, and used by successive pupils until worn out, much more cheaply than they can be purchased at retail by each individual pupil. The argument against the plan is best stated in the words of one of its prominent opponents, the Rev. Henry H. Succup, Superintendent of the St. Johannis Lutheran School. Says Mr. Succup, in an interview published in the Chicago "Herald-Record:"

> If I were to take a vote of the patrons of St. Johannis's School, the verdict would be unanimous against free text-books, the enlarging of the kindergarten system, and manual training as a part of a public-school education, and personally I am opposed to these things. Among Lutheran parents who are able to buy books for their children the idea of any one else's supplying them would be resented; and we believe that it would be an injustice to the patrons of parochial schools to tax them to buy text-books for children whose parents are amply able to buy them.

Some of the opponents of the free text-book bill do not include manual training or kindergartens in their condemnation, but all insist that the patrons of parish schools ought not to be taxed to make the public schools any freer than they now are. The arguments, of course, are those used two generations ago by partisans of church schools against the whole free-school system. Nevertheless, the strength of the parish-school systems among the Continental immigrants in Illinois may defeat the pending measure. The National Conference of the Association of Catholic Colleges held in Chicago last week shows that the Catholic movement for separate church schools has lost none of its strength. One of the resolutions warned the Catholic people against "the systematic and well-defined effort in certain quarters toward absolute State control in education, thereby threatening and crippling all private educational effort." The free text-book movement seems to be regarded as one of the manifestations of this deprecated tendency, since the provision of free books for the public schools lays upon the parochial schools the burden of furnishing free books to their pupils also.

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George Q. Cannon The Mormon "apostle" George Q. Cannon, who died in California on Friday of last week, was a notable figure in the history of Utah. He was of English birth, came to Canada as a boy, and when only fifteen embraced the Mormon faith and went to Nauvoo. There he became a compositor, but soon attracted Brigham Young's notice by his ability. He followed Young to Salt Lake City and became active in Mormon newspaper, book, and mission work. His missions to Europe, it is alleged, resulted in the sending of 13,000 converts to Utah. Mr. Cannon for some time edited the "Deseret News," later was a member of the Legislative Council of the Territory, was Territorial Delegate in Congress from 1872 to 1881, but at the latter date was compelled to withdraw because of the passage of the first anti-polygamy law. Mr. Cannon was himself a polygamist—we believe he had four wives—and he sustained the doctrine of polygamy with all his power throughout almost his whole career. He was imprisoned in 1886, but was released on a very large bail-bond, which he forfeited rather than stand trial. In 1890 the Church at least ostensibly gave up the contest against the Nation on polygamy, but the violations of the law continued, and still to some extent continue, and Mr. Cannon's sympathies, if not his actual and open encouragement, were with the offenders. In 1899 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the United States Senate. When Lorenzo Snow succeeded to the leadership of the Mormon Church, he chose Cannon as one of his chief councilors. One of the latter's sons, Frank J. Cannon, was United States Senator from Utah from 1896 to 1899. Mr. George Q. Cannon was intimately associated with many important business undertakings in Utah—mines, banks, cattle ranches, stores, and newspapers.

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The Cost of Royalty The committee of Parliament appointed to consider changes in the public appropriations for the support of Edward VII. has

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not recommended so great an increase as was feared by most Liberals, but nevertheless adds about $400,000 to the amounts paid to the late Queen. The main items of the present appropriations and those proposed are as follows:

	Present.	Proposed.
Privy purse	£60,000	£110,000
Household expenses (including salaries, etc.)	304,000	339,000
Royal bounty, alms, special services, and sundries	21,000	21,000
	£385,000	£470,000

The annuities recommended for the other members of the royal family are not reported in the cablegrams, so that no comparison can be made. Under the late Queen, however, these annuities aggregated £188,000, or nearly one million dollars. Mr. Henry Labouchere, Advanced Liberal, was the only member of the Parliamentary committee who opposed the increase recommended by the majority. In his report he said:

> Suggestions have been rife that the cost of living has gone up among the wealthier classes since her late Majesty ascended the throne. This idea seems to be due to the present ostentatious expenditure of some of those who have suddenly acquired large fortunes. But your committee does not believe the sovereign would desire to enter into monetary competition with such persons, or encourage by his example such vainglorious prodigality on the part of his subjects.

Mr. Labouchere's comment recalls Mr. Carnegie's observation that "were some future King of England to announce that the serious consideration of the subject of wealth and poverty had led him to resolve to live as the President of the United States and his family live, upon ten thousand pounds a year, and return to the nation or devote to public uses the hundreds of thousands of pounds spent for magnificence, . . . the only objection that might be raised is that it would render the King a personage far too powerful for the system of a constitutional monarchy." This conception, however, as yet finds favor only with the advanced radicals in England. A wise people will make generous provision for its public servants, as will a wise individual for those who serve him; but the figures involved in the above appropriation appear to be based on the idea that the dignity of an office depends less upon the service which the officer renders to the public than upon the pecuniary emoluments which the people contribute to the officer.

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Chamberlainism Three engagements occurred last week in South Africa, the British winning two and the Boers one. The victors took about eighty prisoners at each engagement. One of the British victories included the important capture, with but slight opposition, of Pietersburg, the terminus of the Northern Railway and the capital of the Boer Government since the evacuation of Pretoria. The familiar Boer tactics of avoiding a conflict and of drawing the pursuers further along were once more repeated, but the Boer success in Cape Colony shows that guerrillas can do something more than merely retreat at a more rapid gait than that taken by their pursuers. Conditions in the Colony are far from satisfactory, as small Boer commandos persistently continue their activity. The Government has now shown its intention of ending this situation, not by further leniency, but by severity towards rebels. Disregarding immediate political consequences, the Government has apparently capitulated to extremists clamorous to apply the death penalty for treason; they affirm with some reason that the situation now abundantly allows a granting of their request. It is announced that rebels will no longer be tried under the special Commission Act passed last year, but will be indicted under the common law and hence will be subject to all the penalties prescribed for the crime of treason, including capital punishment. This course may prove perilous unless the utmost discrimination is observed. Vengeful feelings have not yet had time to cool. That the Government is capable of injustice in another quarter may be seen from another official announcement. Mr. Chamberlain, Colonial Secretary, declares that the Boer war has relieved the British Chartered South Africa Company (otherwise Mr. Cecil Rhodes) of all financial liability regarding the Jameson raid, the Transvaal Government's claims not passing to Great Britain as the result of conquest. These just claims amounted to five million dollars indemnity. Prompt protests were heard in England. "It reveals a scandalous state of things," says the London "Chronicle." "Ministers owe it to their own reputations and

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to the reputation of the country to take action, even at the risk of failure, to recover this money." The London "Graphic" also regards it as "most unfortunate that the company should thus escape the penalty of its misdeeds."

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Turkey's Troubles The past month has seen trouble enough for the Sultan of Turkey, in Macedonia, in Albania, in Tripoli, in Arabia, and in Constantinople itself. In Macedonia the tension between Mussulmans and Bulgarians continues extreme, and the situation is further complicated by the crossing last week of bands of marauders from Bulgaria over the frontier. In Albania there is fear of a revolt under Italian influence, and under the same influence a revolt is expected in Tripoli. Three thousand troops have been sent to reinforce the garrisons of the African coast. Military expenditure, however, has been chiefly increased in order to cope with the rebellion in Arabia. Ibu Raschid is the ruler of the almost independent kingdom of Nejd in central Arabia, a province including about all the inhabitable part of the peninsula. Mabaronk was the sheik or governor of a small community at the head of the Persian Gulf; he gradually increased his power until he had raised a formidable army. He then entered upon a succession of victories over Ibu Raschid's forces, seized the city of Nejd, and proclaimed himself ruler in Ibu Raschid's place. The latter appealed to his nominal chief, the Sultan of Turkey, for help, threatening that, if troops were not sent, he would stop the overland Muslim pilgrimages to the holy city of Mecca. He has now defeated Mabaronk, after a pitched battle in which five thousand men were slain, according to the probably exaggerated reports of fugitives who reached the gulf ports. The Porte now finds that a million Turkish pounds are now due for war material, the military expenditure in the four provinces mentioned having daily increased. Finances seem in apparently inextricable confusion, and all Government salaries are from six to eight months in arrears. To the harassed Sultan's disgust, at this critical moment the Young Turkey party arises in new strength, with a new programme of progressive reforms.

King Charles of Portugal The Outlook has already chronicled the anti-Jesuit demonstrations in Spain and Portugal, due proximately but not ultimately to cases of abduction of young girls from their families with a view to inducing them to enter convents. The abductions were instigated, not by priests, who are believed to be in general honest men, but by monks, nuns, and other representatives of religious congregations. In Spain the anti-Jesuit agitators have received no encouragement from the monarchy; in Portugal, however, the agitators have had direct encouragement from the King. Hitherto he has not been much known in politics; his large, comfortable physique has given the impression that he was what the Germans call a "Lebemann"—somewhat of the type of Edward VII. when Prince of Wales, although far removed from the ways of the late King Milan. Quite recently, however, King Charles has indicated the possession of decided convictions and courage in expressing them. He received a delegation which he knew would urge the suppression of monastic congregations throughout Portugal. The delegates presented a manifesto favoring the establishment of a national Church under Papal authority, but having exclusively Portuguese priests. This Church, urged the delegates, ought to be entirely separate and distinct from the State. In the course of his reply the King said: "You may count upon me in these serious times. The freedom of religion and of the State must be safeguarded by the adoption of prudent measures. . . . By principle, tradition, education, and especially by the teaching of my father, I am a Liberal. I will recommend this subject to the Government, and will follow it with special attention. You can count on the Government." Let it be remembered that these words were spoken in a Latin country, where there has rarely, if ever, been a whisper of the separation of Church and State. The question arises, Is the Liberal element among the Portuguese people strong enough to institute the reform? The King also may well ask himself, Am I strong enough? We wish him success, but he can hardly forget the fact that a greater than he, namely, Bismarck, once declared, "I will never go

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to Canossa," meaning that he would never bow to the strength of the Vatican. Yet he did bow.

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A New Foreign Settlement in China

The welcome news comes from China that the local authorities at Amoy have now agreed to permit the island of Kulangsu, in the harbor, to become a foreign settlement—a concession long sought. Amoy and Fuchau are the chief ports of the province of Fukien. In obtaining this concession the American representative at Peking took the lead. With the natural exception of Japan (which is generally supposed to covet the whole province), he evoked a unanimous expression of opinion from the various Ministers of foreign Powers at Peking. The Chinese Government, however, would not agree to the proposal unless Japan were included in it, so Japan consented, in order to make the request unanimous. A despatch says that the foreign Ministers think the concession extremely valuable, since the island can be controlled absolutely as far as sanitary and other measures are concerned, and will become largely a residential quarter for foreigners. It will be entirely under international control.

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Dr. Hykes on China

In its just published report relative to the Chinese situation the American Bible Society gives some interesting statements from its Agent in China, the Rev. Dr. Hykes. According to him, there was a deep and cunningly laid plot, under imperial sanction, to extirpate Christianity, expel all foreigners, and destroy all foreign interests. No one divined the full extent of the contemplated iniquity. As a result of this plot, one hundred and eighty-three Protestant missionaries, including sixty men, seventy-five women, and forty-eight children, were massacred. In answer to the question whether the Boxer rising was merely anti-missionary or generally anti-foreign in its character, Dr. Hykes declares that the movement was against foreigners as such, and the crusade was directed against everything foreign, Christianity of course included. "Foreign syndicates," the missionary avers, "have done not a little in fomenting the trouble. Backed by their respective governments, they have pressed, if not forced, from the Chinese, concessions for the working of mines and the building of railways. Rightly or wrongly, the people believe that these have been extorted from them. The introduction of railways and labor-saving machinery has been opposed here on the same ground as in other countries, namely, that it throws many laborers out of employment. The great bulk of the Boxers in Chili were recruited from the carters and the boatmen, the two classes which have suffered most from the building of the railways." In this province and in Shantung (with the exception of the property in the foreign settlement at Tientsin), every foreign school, hospital, chapel, and dwelling was looted and burned by the Boxers or by the Imperial troops. So complete was the demolition that even the foundations were dug up and carried away. "The year 1900," Dr. Hykes says in conclusion, "will go down into history as the most disastrous ever experienced by Christian missions in China since their establishment. The crisis was bound to come, and it is a cause for great thankfulness that the disturbances were confined to the North, and that the whole eighteen provinces were not involved, as was originally planned by those who are responsible for the horrors."

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The Third Methodist Ecumenical Conference

The third Methodist Ecumenical Conference, which is to be held in Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London, in September, promises to be as notable a gathering as either of its predecessors, the first of which was held in London in 1881, and the second in Washington in 1891. It is expected that the various branches of the great Methodist family scattered throughout the world will be fully represented. At the session held in Washington ten years ago there were twenty-nine branches represented, seventeen from the Western section and twelve from the Eastern section; and at the meeting to be held in September quite as many branches will be enrolled, and possibly more, since one or two new shoots from the fruitful tree of Methodism have taken root during the last ten years. For convenience, the Conference, which is to have

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a membership of five hundred, is divided into two sections, Eastern and Western, with two hundred members from the former and three hundred from the latter; and as nearly as possible the membership is divided between ministers and laymen. The working basis of the Conference, which, while representative, is by no means legislative, declares that it shall "frankly recognize the differences that exist among the various Methodist Churches, and it shall exclude from discussion all points of doctrine, discipline, and church government regarded as fundamental by any of the Churches, and as to which any one of the Churches differs from any of the others." Of course no votes are taken on matters affecting the internal arrangements of any of the Churches represented in the Conference. The programme of the Conference covers twelve week days—September 4 to 17, inclusive. At the first session Bishop Charles B. Galloway, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, will preach the Conference sermon. Later will come addresses of welcome and responses. On the second day the programme will be taken up, the first topic to be considered being "The Present Position of Methodism," which will be discussed in two papers and four addresses. Other subjects to be discussed are: "The Influence of Methodism in the Promotion of International Peace," "The Relation of Methodism to the Evangelical Free Church Movement," "Methodism and Christian Unity," "Interdenominational Fellowship among Methodists," "Biblical Criticism and the Christian Faith," "The Appeal of the Old Testament to the Life and Conscience of To-day," "Methodism and Education in the Twentieth Century," "Christianity and Modern Unbelief," "Modern Indifferentism," "Is Methodism Retaining its Spiritual Vitality?" "Perils of Increasing Wealth and Luxury," "The Elements of Pulpit Effectiveness," "Missions—the Work Before Us, and Our Resources for the Work."

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A New Question Readers of The Outlook will remember that, some time after the recent consecration of Bishop Weller as Bishop-Coadjutor of the diocese of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, in which seven bishops participated, arrayed in vestments which are, to say the least, not in ordinary use in the Episcopal Church, and using a ritual which it is difficult to reconcile with the requirements of the Prayer-Book, Bishop Clark, the Presiding Bishop of the Church, published a statement in which he declared that he felt himself called upon "to disclaim any responsibility for the violation of the rubrics on that occasion and the introduction of vestments having no authority of use in the Church." To this letter the seven bishops who participated in the consecration have replied at length; the principal point in their communication being a denial of the authority of "the Presiding Bishop," and interpreting those words as meaning "Presiding Bishop of the House of Bishops." Under this interpretation there is no Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church, but only a Presiding Bishop of the House of Bishops. The bishops further declare that no powers are conferred upon the Presiding Bishop of the House of Bishops except those which are distinctly specified, and these are neither metropolitan nor archiepiscopal functions. They declare that "the fountain of authority for the consecration of a bishop lies in the House of Bishops considered *in solidum*, and when their presiding officer acts, he acts for them." There can be no Presiding Bishop until the House meets at the next General Convention. The bishops also declare that they hold themselves responsible to their peers acting under the canon law, and that they are ready to accept any process of trial provided by the canons.

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The Probable Result The New York "Churchman," which speaks with a good deal of authority on such matters, declares that the seven bishops have been led into error because they have attempted to interpret the Canons of the Church apart from its Constitution. This is a question of interpretation which is of interest chiefly to the members of the Episcopal Church; the religious world at large is interested in the discussion from another point of view. The seven bishops will not be tried, unless charges are brought against them, and there seems to be no indication in any direction that

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charges will be brought against them. They are altogether too anxious to be tried. The policy of the clear-headed men in the Church, of all schools except the most extreme, is to give the widest room consistent with the fundamental principles of the Church, and to avoid the exaggerated emphasis which is sometimes laid, by drastic action, upon movements not essentially important in themselves. The seven bishops are so anxious to be prosecuted that their desire is not likely to be gratified. The Fond du Lac consecration is likely to have results which the bishops who participated in it did not foresee. They took liberties with the Prayer-Book and the usages of the Church which will estop them from protesting when liberties are taken by men of another school. If the advanced ritualist is to follow his own interpretation of the usages of the Church, there is no reason why his brother churchman of pronounced Protestant tendency should not do the same. If the Episcopal Church is wise, it will maintain its liberty, and trust to its general spirit, its good sense, and the steadying influence of time to modify eccentricities, and to hold extreme opinions in check rather than attempt to secure these results by drastic measures.

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The Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society

On Monday of this week the sixty-ninth annual meeting of the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society was held in Boston. In both departments of this Society, the missionary and publishing, last year's record shows a success beyond any hitherto achieved. There has been a larger aggregate of gifts for missionary work than ever before, and the Society has expended more money in direct ministering. Furthermore, as the report states, "better crops, better sales, and better settling have made better missionary work." We note that, of one hundred and six Congregational churches newly organized during the past year, thirty-two are directly traceable to Sunday-schools organized by this Society's aid, while twenty-one others have been helped from their beginnings. A particularly interesting part of the report is that in which the announcement is made of the purchase of the "Congregationalist." This was due in part, the report states, to the danger that the paper might have gone out of the denomination, and in part to a business reason. The Directors of the Society believed that it was a profitable investment and would pay. They declare that the net cost was less than the amount received from subscriptions during the preceding year, and add that it is not in any sense to be the organ of the Society. "The Society's Missionary Department will sustain to it exactly the same relation as the other five Societies. The paper is not likely to become less valuable through the Society's ownership. It will afford a broad platform for the kindly Christian discussion of the important subjects which are before it and the whole thinking Christian world. It is expected that it will be a success financially partly by some very considerable economies by blending its business management with that of the Society. The profits may be used in aiding the Society's missionary work, but not until, by wise and liberal expenditure, the paper itself has been made as valuable as brains and money can make it." We hope that the new "Congregationalist" may have abundant success.

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The Presbyterian General Assembly

The one hundred and thirteenth General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church will meet in Calvary Church, Philadelphia, on May 16, and will be opened with a sermon by the Rev. Charles A. Dickey, D.D., Moderator. For the 1902 meeting the New York Presbytery last week extended an invitation to the General Assembly to meet in the metropolis. The motion was made by the Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, President of the Board of Home Missions. Both the Fifth Avenue and the Fourth Avenue Churches desire that the Assembly should meet in their church buildings. The Rev. Dr. Purves, of the Fifth Avenue Church, said that when the Assembly accepted the invitation from the Presbytery, the question of churches could be amicably adjusted. Dr. Purves was unanimously elected Moderator of the Presbytery, and he named Dr. Buchanan Vice-Moderator. The following interesting resolution offered by Dr.

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G. L. Shearer was then adopted: "That the Presbytery of New York deprecates any proposed departure from the long-settled policy of the State of New York exempting from taxation corporations, societies, and property devoted to religious education or charity."

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Prize-Fighting in Mexico

After the recent proposed prize-fight in Cincinnati was excluded from that city and the State of Ohio, it was rumored that the leaders would betake themselves to Mexico and have the affair there. It is with satisfaction that we learn of the apparent impossibility of prosecuting their plan. In common with most Americans, The Outlook has been unacquainted with the declared public policy of Mexico regarding prize-fights. The words of President Diaz on this subject, as quoted by the "Herald," of the City of Mexico, are as follows: "If prize-fighting is too low and too brutal for the United States, offensive to the best public opinion there, it is far too low and too brutal for Mexico. The military forces of this Republic will be instructed to arrest every person connected with the proposed prize-fight, if found within our territorial limits." Orders to this effect were transmitted by the President without delay to the civil and military authorities on the frontier. Here in the United States we are too apt to consider that, because some blameworthy events take place in Mexico, a lower civilization than ours obtains in all conditions there. It is a pleasure, therefore, to note that the institution of the prize-ring is frowned upon by the authorities. We also learn through a correspondent in the City of Mexico that the best citizens are steadily working for the abolition of the bull-fight. He adds that the institution would be in a more weakened condition were it not for the patronage of Sunday fights by church-going American tourists.

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Professor Goodwin's Retirement

The retirement of Professor William W. Goodwin, Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University, is an event of much more than passing interest in the history of American scholarship. Professor Goodwin has completed his seventieth year, has filled the chair of Greek literature forty-two years, and is said to be the only professor still holding office who was on the faculty of Harvard when Dr. Eliot became President. He was long ago recognized as one of the foremost Greek scholars that this country has produced, and as an instructor of the first rank. He has devoted himself with the true spirit of scholarship to the great field which he has enriched by his own researches. He has done much to diffuse the love of Greek, and something to popularize it by his translation of Plato's "Morals." To the thoroughness of the scholar he has added the sense of form and the feeling for literature of a lover of the literary art; and he has combined in an unusual degree the two qualities which are absolutely essential in a great teacher of Greek literature. There was for a long time a tradition at Harvard that Professor Goodwin had read every word in classical Greek; it is quite certain that, whether this tradition rests on fact or not, he is familiar both with the letter and the spirit of that literature. He has received all manner of honors from the great universities, has won the highest recognition from the men in his own department, and retires from active service as a teacher, but it is to be hoped not from active work as a scholar, full of years and honors.

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Prizes for Improvement

Mr. Charles S. Hartwell, a teacher in the Boys' High School in Brooklyn, has initiated a scheme which appears to us well worthy of careful consideration, and, so far as we can judge, of general adoption in the high schools of the country. Our educational prizes are now generally given to those who attain the highest rank. They are based on a competition of pupils with their rivals, and are given to those who surpass their rivals. The result is that a small number of pupils who have either special genius, special educational facilities, or special gift for passing examinations (which does not always show real education) get prizes, while the great mass of scholars are very slightly affected by them. Mr. Hartwell's plan provides for giving prizes to the pupil who makes the greatest improvement. It is based, therefore, on the pupil's competition, so

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to speak, with himself. It assumes, to quote from a high-school editor, that "it is more of an honor to gain a prize for steady improvement in scholarship than to gain a prize for a high percentage of scholarship, which is oftentimes the result of natural ability or accident." It proposes as the "question for the teacher to ask"—to quote from Mr. Hartwell—"not, Are there any geniuses in this class? Rather it is, Are there any whose promotion will be due to my encouragement?" The object of the scheme is to apply the incentive where it really needs most to be applied, not to the brightest and quickest scholars, but rather to those who, without some such encouragement, would be slow and dull. Statistics show, it is said, that about one-third of the pupils in American high schools fall behind or drop out of the school altogether. One object of the "Lincoln Improvement Prize" is to reduce this percentage of those who fall out of the school from the rear, or, to use an army phrase, to reduce the number of stragglers and deserters. The object is certainly of first importance, and the method seems to us admirably adapted to secure the object.

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Trade in 1901 Since the beginning of the year trade conditions have been the most remarkable in the history of this country. The transactions in American Government, State, municipal, railway, mining, and industrial bonds and stocks are now the largest ever recorded, while their average price has touched the highest level ever reached. The present market really dates back to the spring of 1897, when the culmination of a prolonged depression resulted in the reaching of the last low-price level. By a somewhat irregular movement, the course of prices from that date has been upward, and this movement, based upon natural, economic grounds, and under the inspiration of honorable leadership, has resulted for the past few months in an unprecedented search by capitalists for the employment of their funds in securities. Capital has been augmented more rapidly than the opportunity for investment—a condition hardly likely to obtain much longer, according to cautious thinkers, even if securities are earning more for their holders than ever. This is especially true of the iron and steel trade, the seat of the most potent present strength; it may also be noted that all the building trades are particularly active, as there is more house-construction than for years. Bank clearings at the metropolis are half as much again as a twelvemonth since. Railway earnings are about a tenth larger than last year and a third larger than in 1899. Present dealings on the New York Stock Exchange embrace a larger number of different issues than ever berore; this is an even more encouraging fact than the dealing in nearly two million shares on active days. A sale last week of two seats in that body at fifty-eight thousand dollars each indicates not only an increase in brokerage profits, but also an increased demand for the desirable commercial privileges attaching to membership in the Exchange. It is interesting to compare the present price of certain railway shares with the low prices of last summer:

	Summer, 1900.	April 13, 1901.
Baltimore and Ohio	65	93
New York Central	125	151
Pennsylvania	125	157
Delaware and Hudson	110	181
Jersey Central	116	156
Manhattan	84	128
Metropolitan	145	169
Burlington	120	191
St. Paul	108	156
Rock Island	102	156
Chesapeake and Ohio	24	46
Louisville and Nashville	70	105
Southern Railway preferred	49	80
Northern Pacific	45	99
Union Pacific	48	94

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The Decline of France in Commerce The long-continued strike at Marseilles of longshoremen and other laborers engaged in shipping enterprises has elicited a striking editorial from "Le Sémaphore," the principal commercial newspaper of southern France. The editorial calls attention to the fact that for the last three decades the trade of Marseilles has relatively declined. It declares that one more strike like the last would bring about the irremediable ruin of the port, and it considers the strike of 1901 all the more regrettable since, in its opinion, it was instigated by unscrupulous politicians. The merchants and shippers of Marseilles have grown naturally jealous of the rapidly advancing rivalry of Genoese merchants and shippers, an advance

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largely due to the establishment of Genoa as the home port for the Hamburg-American, North German Lloyd, and Prince lines of steamers, plying between New York and Mediterranean ports. A year ago the difference of the shipping movement between the ports of Marseilles and Genoa was still so largely in favor of maintaining the old-time supremacy of the former port as to indicate nearly five thousand more vessels arriving and departing than from Genoa; but the record published a twelvemonth later shows a loss of nearly fourteen hundred vessels. During the past thirty years, affirms the "Sémaphore," the gain of the port of Marseilles has been about one hundred and twenty per cent. On the other hand, the increase of the port of Bremen has been over two hundred and sixty per cent.; of Amsterdam, three hundred and thirty per cent.; of Antwerp, four hundred; of Hamburg, four hundred and forty-five; and of Rotterdam, no less than five hundred and twenty-six.

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The Decline of France in Population

These statistics are further emphasized by the French population returns, just published, showing that the excess of births over deaths for a twelvemonth amounts to an increase of only one-fifth of one per cent. In 1895 an actual decrease startled sociologists into suggesting certain forms of remedial legislation to their fellow-countrymen. Among these appeals were prizes offered by the Government to the fathers of large families; a law confining the annual levies of recruits to those neither married nor contracted in marriage; finally, a reduction of the amount of capital required of an officer or his prospective bride. In four years out of the past ten there have been more deaths than births, one year showing as many as thirty-eight thousand in excess. For the whole decade the total increase of births over deaths is only two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Two centuries ago France was the most populous of European countries; Germany came second, and Russia third. At that time France had nearly two-fifths of the aggregate population of France, Germany, and Great Britain. To-day her relative rank is as notable as is the advance of Germany and Great Britain. Russia stands first as now the most populous of European countries; Germany is second, Great Britain third, and France fourth. As compared with her nearly forty per cent. of the aggregate population of three countries in 1701, she now has but a trifle over fifteen per cent. She has actually a smaller population than that of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

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Tenement-House Reform Victory

The tenement-house reform movement in New York State has achieved a remarkable victory. The four bills which the Commission presented to the Legislature have all become laws, the only concession made to their opponents being the acceptance of a supplemental bill permitting the construction of new buildings under the old law where the plans for these buildings have already been filed with the public authorities. At the hearing upon the bills last week the President of the Builders' League and the representatives of certain real estate interests appeared in opposition and urged that the measures would lessen the amount of building which now promised to furnish employment to laborers, and would result in the increase of the rents which laborers must pay. The first of these arguments was answered by the presence of several builders and owners of tenement-houses who heartily sanctioned the bills as conservative of the legitimate interests of landlords, and the second by the presence of the representative of the Central Federated Union, the largest body of organized laborers in New York, who strongly favored the measures, proving that his constituents cared more for light and air in their homes and the expulsion of vice from their neighborhoods than for the predicted increase in rents which seemed to trouble the owners of the worst class of tenement-houses.

There was, however, some force to the objection that the bills would tend to increase rents. They practically require a higher standard of living as regards cleanliness, domestic privacy, light, air, and sanitation, and this requirement of a higher standard of living will probably require a certain material sacrifice on the

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part of workingmen who care more for slightly lower rents than for the real wholesomeness of family life. One of the provisions of the new measures increases the width of courts from a minimum of two feet four inches to a minimum of six feet, thus insuring that the courts, though still narrow, shall at least let in some sunlight and afford much pure air, instead of being unventilated shafts for the accumulation of refuse. Other provisions of the bills prevent the construction of new tenement-houses with dark interior rooms and cellar rooms, require that there shall be separate closets for every family instead of for every two families as now, provide that no tenement-houses shall have a height more than one-third greater than the width of the street, and stipulate that tenement-houses over five stories in height shall be fire-proof, and that fire-escapes consisting of open stairways and balconies shall be built in front of every non-fire-proof tenement. Furthermore, the measures provide that every tenement-house shall be inspected by the Board of Health at least twice during the present year, and that the future enforcement of the provisions of the tenement-house law shall be put in charge of a Tenement-House Department, instead of forming a part of the duties of the Police Department, the Fire Department, the Health Department, and the Building Department as now. It is well known that what is every department's duty is no department's duty, and the provision for the new department, whose sole duty it is to enforce the tenement-house laws, makes possible for the first time their adequate enforcement.

Nevertheless, the Commission, whose well-judged and disinterested work has secured the enactment of these laws, ought in some way to keep alive the organization through which they have worked, and thus make sure that the new Tenement-House Department feels the pressure of a body representing the public interests as well as the pressure of the bodies representing the interests of builders. The tenement-house reform movement has now passed through all the stages which mark the development of every reform movement. It has had the succession of discouraging defeats, followed at last by an exhilarating victory. At the time of the defeats it was the part of wisdom not to be discouraged and think that nothing could be done; at the time of victory it is the part of wisdom not to be elated and think that nothing need be done. In matters political real progress is never made more rapidly than public opinion is educated, and the fruits of a surprising victory are insecure until all the classes interested have recognized the desirability of the reform.

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The Moral Test of Citizenship

The prominence lately given in some parts of the country to the educational requirements for citizenship reminds us that there are also moral requirements. A good moral character is one of the conditions prescribed for naturalization. The disfranchisement of convicted felons recognizes the principle that at least some lawbreakers must not act as lawmakers through the ballot-box. The present need is an extension of this principle. Between the prison and the ballot a gulf for a longer or shorter period should in all cases be fixed. If it is for the public interest to diminish the ignorant vote, much more is it so to diminish the lawless and semi-criminal vote, already dangerously large.

The moral test for citizenship must, of course, be of an elementary and easily applicable kind, as is the educational test in ability to read. Of such a kind is the already established provision that a man must have kept himself from prison for certain grave crimes. If for such crimes a permanent disqualification for the suffrage is just, there is equal justice in a temporary disqualification for lesser breaches of law. The common drunkard, the street tough, a numerous crew who serve short terms in jail for minor offenses, are quite as unfit as those jailed for longer terms to share with law-abiding citizens in the sovereign power of the ballot. Could they be debarred, a heavy make-weight on the wrong side of the political balance would be dropped.

The principle of a temporary disfranchisement is already recognized, as in Pennsylvania, where a four years' exclusion from the ballot-box is part of the

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prescribed penalty for violation of the election laws. It would be just, as it is both desirable and easily applicable, to provide that every period spent behind the bars should entail disfranchisement for a period at least twice as long, never less than a full year.

This would hit most where most needed —the large number whose lawless disposition breaks out in petty crimes or serious misdemeanors, larcenies, assaults, etc. A large experience among the gangs that infest "the city wilderness" testifies to the probable wholesomeness of its effect there. Deprivation of a vote means much more to such fellows than to many more respectable persons. Reduction to a political nonentity clips the wings of a saloon politician, and would be shunned earnestly. Such an incentive to at least a negative morality on the part of the lawlessly disposed can be provided by a constitutional amendment, whenever good citizens adequately realize the importance of it.

The statutory provisions required for its enforcement are few and simple—viz.: (1) The systematic registration of all jail or prison sentences. (2) The publication and exchange of the registered lists throughout the State. (3) The report at stated times by clerks of court to registrars of elections and clerks of naturalization courts of the names of persons thus temporarily disfranchised. Such a penalty could, of course, be escaped by emigration from the State. But this would grieve but few, and it might produce imitation elsewhere of its constraining cause.

Manhood suffrage is a good thing only if security be taken for an intelligent and law-respecting manhood. It is time, especially in our cities, to strengthen the dikes which preserve the ballot-box from inundation by the vicious. Illiteracy seems to be declining; crime and lawlessness seem to be increasing. Inadequate as any feasible moral safeguards of the suffrage may be, every orderly citizen has a personal interest in making them go to the utmost that is practicable. A clergyman cannot vote in this State unless he has resided here a full year, but the convicted tough or drunkard, who has acquired a domicile, can vote, if out of jail in time to register. The State is endangered when the votes of convicts are thus counted in the election of judges. Yet some States have considered it important to exclude from the suffrage even the holders of commissions in the military and naval service of the Union. What is this but straining out the gnat and swallowing the camel!

The truth is gradually gaining regard that the right to vote is a conditional right, conditional on fitness to share in the sovereignty of the State. Every effort for more efficient safeguards of the suffrage is certain to be resisted either by inertia or hostility. But, except in a deeply diseased State, it is difficult to reckon on any large amount of dissent from the proposition that a man who is not good enough to keep out of jail is not good enough to be trusted with the freeman's ballot. We commend the active advocacy of this proposition to all good citizens.

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Concerning Athletics

After many years of experimentation, good and bad, disastrous and successful, athletics are beginning to find their normal level in college life, and to be dealt with in the light of an adequate experience. That they have come to stay has long been recognized, even by those who at first regarded them as an intrusion among student occupations. That they offer peculiar temptations to excessive, ill-advised, and unbalanced devotion is also recognized; that they have introduced into college life serious disturbance of the true scale of values, and the withdrawal of the primary interest of students from intellectual pursuits, is equally manifest. What is now needed is such a regulation of athletics in the colleges as shall secure from them the largest amount of benefit and reduce to a minimum their power of harm.

They have increased the average physical manhood of American youth, and they have strengthened the bases of American character; for health is one of the essential elements of morality, and a prime element of sanity in national life. College athletics have gone a long way towards developing that love of out-of-door occupations which is rapidly transforming Americans from a half-developed race physically into a race of vigorous men

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and women, accustomed to active life, fond of rational sports, and with the power both of body and of will which comes from health and sound habits of life. The diminution of rowdyism in colleges during the past twenty-five years has been notable, and it is the common opinion of those who are best informed that it has been due in a large measure to the natural outlet for excessive physical energy which athletics supply; and the most thoughtful have come to recognize the educational value of college sports and the quality of character which comes from training. No small part of the educational influence of the English universities is due to the time spent in the cricket-field and on the river. The Trinity term, or, as we should call it, the summer term, at Oxford and at Cambridge seems to the outsider like a holiday, so constantly are the men abroad, so little attention are they apparently giving to reading. It is doubtful, however, whether, in the long run, any term at the universities does more for the student than this season devoted to sports of all kinds. It is largely to this side of university life that the physical vigor of the Englishman, his self-control, the poise of his will, the steadiness of his nerve, and the resolute courage with which he meets a crisis, are due; and the eminent French writer who, not many months ago, found the secret of a good deal of English superiority in the out-of-door life of the English public schools and universities was not wrong.

Professor George E. Woodberry, of Columbia College, one of the truest representatives of liberal culture in this country, and one of the most successful teachers of the humanities, is reported to have told one of his classes recently that the college man is inclined to overvalue book-learning; that devotion to athletics furnishes the readiest expression of the spirit of patriotism and loyalty which college life breeds; that athletics train men in self-control, in the development of steady nerves, and in displaying calmness and poise alike in victory and defeat. This testimony of a man who pre-eminently represents the academic side of college life carries the weight of expert opinion.

The peculiar danger to which student bodies in many institutions have from time to time yielded is the temptation to give too much time to athletics, to substitute the athletic ideal for the intellectual ideal, and to honor the successful athlete more than the successful scholar. In the long run these evils are likely to cure themselves; in any event, it is idle to attempt to check the devotion of young men to out-of-door sports by academic regulation. If that devotion is too great, it can be checked only by so presenting the intellectual aspects of college life that they shall have a more contagious power of attraction than athletics possess. The element of professionalism has been very great, and has not been by any means successfully avoided. Many disgraceful incidents have occurred in college contests, and the recent movement, in which a number of leading institutions are now co-operating, to keep the element of professionalism out of these contests has not come a moment too soon to save the credit of college athletics. The atmosphere of professionalism is unfortunate from another point of view: it puts the standard of excellence so high that it confines athletics to a relatively small number of students, when the whole student body ought to be actively engaged.

The action of President Low in taking into the hands of the authorities of Columbia University the financial management of the athletic association of that institution points to another danger, and presents what is hoped will be an effective remedy. Those who are uninformed would be astonished to know the immense amounts of money which pass through the hands of student associations—associations made up of men who necessarily have had no business training, but who are called upon to exercise the judgment and to apply the methods necessary to the wise disposition and use of very considerable sums of money. That waste, extravagance, loose methods, and dishonesty have so rarely obtained in the management of athletic finances reflects great credit on the American student body; and the experiment which President Low proposes to try at Columbia will be watched with great interest, and is likely to lead to important results. The great cost of athletics as now carried on in the leading colleges does not seem compatible with the highest interests of the students or the institutions.

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"Good Friday Meditation"

Meditation is a lost art in America. We know how to acquire, but not how to possess; and meditation is the art, not of acquiring truth, but of possessing it. We know how to investigate, but not how to use; and meditation is the using of truth. Investigation is Columbus discovering a continent, meditation is a householder living on the continent; investigation is a lover pursuing his mistress, meditation is a husband living with his wife; investigation is a teacher journeying to a far-famed scene, meditation has reached the spot and quietly enjoys it. We know how to investigate, but not how to meditate.

These reflections are suggested by an admirable little book by Dr. William S. Rainsford, rightly entitled "Good Friday Meditation." To meditate is for an American difficult; to lead a congregation in meditation seems almost impossible. To dwell with truth, not to discover it; not to reveal it, but to gaze upon it after it has been unveiled, and to induce others to do so simultaneously, is like pointing out the artistic beauties of a picture, or dilating on the literary beauties of a poem, or discoursing on the vital beauties of a friend. This is the supreme art of the preacher—rarely essayed, less rarely achieved. This Thomas Fuller did; Jeremy Taylor did; Thomas à Kempis did; this, in an entirely different manner—a manner all his own—Dr. Rainsford does. For example:

> He [Jesus] is explaining, once for all, the only way by which sinful men can be induced to repent and turn from sin. Terror at its worst cannot make men hate sin, though it may now and then frighten a man from sin—the sin that even as he leaves he loves. But the knowledge that he is causing pain to some one else can make a man not only hate sin but finally turn from it forever. For, in spite of all our poor thoughtlessness and selfishness, the lesson of the cross is, age by age, sinking deeper and deeper into the hearts of men. If a man who floats a dishonest business scheme saw the insides of the homes his greed to be rich had made desolate, saw the hard earnings of a lifetime swept away, the struggle with want and cold again forced on those too old to struggle any longer, would he not curse his greed and hate his money-bags?

There is nothing new in this. It is a familiar truth; but, alas! we do not live with it. It is an old acquaintance, but we rarely admit it to our homes and still more rarely to our offices. That the sorrow which sin causes to the mother awakens a more poignant remorse in the child than that caused by any suffering which his sin has brought upon himself, that the trouble which our criminal blunder has brought upon a confiding friend converts a mild regret into a passionate abhorrence of our worse than folly, is the commonplace of experience. To realize this before it is too late, to realize it and take warning from it, to hate the sin before it has been committed, to abhor that which is evil before we have fallen into the evil—this is the result, not of investigation nor even of discovery, but of meditation. For we can make this truth our own only by either experiencing it or by meditating on it, and so, by an act of imagination, making of it something akin to experience. To realize that sin has caused sorrow in the heart of infinite Love, a sorrow which is symbolized and interpreted by Gethsemane and Calvary, is the supreme experience of a heart which has meditated on the love of God and the lovelessness of man; to induce men to realize this truth and make it their own is the supreme problem of the religious teacher—a problem so difficult that most preachers abandon the effort in despair, and in lieu thereof either turn to expounding philosophical doctrines of the atonement, or pass by the passion of Jesus Christ altogether and content themselves with interpreting his instructions as a teacher or delineating his life as an example.

Nor ought we to wonder at the fact. To dwell on common truth without being commonplace, to create an experience by portraying it, to make old truth new by filling it with a new life—this is so difficult an act that we ought not to wonder that it is not frequently attempted, and still less frequently with success. We do not attempt it here; we only attempt to describe it: content if we have succeeded in suggesting that there is a value in meditation as well as in investigation, and that to lead a congregation to meditate on familiar truth is at once more difficult and more valuable than to induct them into a knowledge of a truth before not familiar to them.

To the meditative reader, and to no other, we commend Dr. Rainsford's little book "Good Friday Meditation."

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The Spectator

The Spectator the other day read a novel of the ultra-realistic school, in which the decadent hero was represented as too old for any new hazard of fortunes because he had arrived at the advanced age of forty-two years. The young author—the Spectator was really glad to know that the author was himself well under thirty—made his character sit down and helplessly go to seed because he had not left in him the strength, the courage, the vitality, to strike out in any new path, or even to pursue the old one in which he had had some measure of success. The idea that this could be any picture of real life as it actually is saddened the Spectator, who had cherished the notion that a man between thirty-five and fifty-five was really at his best, and, if he had good health, was good for hard work for ten years longer than in the period named. He said to himself, This young chap will revise his opinions when he comes to forty years himself and realizes that even then the boyishness within him had not decreased in such degree that he seriously missed it. Just as he was recovering from the shock, he read in his newspaper that a minister of a metropolitan church had resigned his charge because he was fifty-two, and therefore too old to carry on his work with the spirit that it required. Nothing was said of ill health; he was just too old. This was really alarming. The Spectator knows that some men age much sooner than others. He knows that in some instances the human machinery is as much worn at fifty as in other cases at eighty. But both instances are extreme, and no man in good health should have to give up at fifty-two because he is too old, let alone being worn out at forty-two.

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However this may be, it is unquestionably true that this is the age when youth seems to be more in demand than ever before. Go where you will in any large city and you will find placards in shop windows reading, "Boys Wanted," "Girls Wanted." The same may be seen in the advertising columns of the newspapers. This demand seems always in excess of the supply, while even in the most prosperous times all of the cities contain thousands and thousands of men and women who cannot get employment no matter how hard they seek it. There must be something sadly amiss in the economical and social conditions when men and women, who should be the workers and the breadwinners, are considered undesirable, and the children, who ought surely to be at school, are eagerly sought for shops and factories. The condition is so undeniable, however, that not only students of sociology and economics realize it, but the poor people, the workers on the lower levels of industry, also know it thoroughly. When the man has passed forty-five, there are many occupations to which he is no longer welcome. Then the boys and girls of the family are set to work and their little wages are used for rent and food and clothing. The girls are a better investment than the boys, because they give to the home fund more willingly than the boys, and the period during which they contribute lasts longer. The boys are apt to take to cigarettes, and as they approach young manhood are fond of gallivanting at night. Besides, they have to buy their clothes, while the girls make theirs. When this condition was brought to the Spectator's notice through inquiry among employers and workers, he wondered how long it would be before the age-limit would go upwards and affect the workers in higher fields—in the professions, for instance. Then he read the novel with the too old hero of forty-two and heard of the minister who was too old at fifty-two, and he said to himself, Has it come?

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The Spectator does not believe that it has come yet. He does not believe that the world will choose doctors and lawyers or even clergymen because of their youth, and pass by the elders with their stores of experience and wisdom of the world. That would be incredibly silly. Still, the arrogance of youth is very forceful, and the new and the untried have commanding fascinations by reason of their novelty. But some workers in the new conditions of the day must be young. Ten years or so ago the street-car conductors and drivers as frequently as not were men with grizzled heads, men who were old

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enough to be grandfathers. None of them are around now. They are actually too old for the work that is to be done on electric trams. They cannot get around fast enough. To gather the fares on a crowded car a man must be both nimble and quick; to do this on an open car with cross seats, and also look after the entering and departing passengers, a conductor nowadays must have the strength, the quickness, and the agility of an acrobat. The Spectator is persuaded that he could not do it, and he has often had to confess to himself with some shame that he did not have the amiability and self-restraint to perform such duties without getting into a scrap or so every trip. From such occupations old men and middle-aged men are barred. But even the youths who now fill these posts do not stand still. Middle age comes surely, and old age presses closely on the heels of it. So what are these men to do in a few years, when their first spryness is gone?

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But the modern conditions under which men who ought to be at their best are shelved are really harder a little higher up in the industrial scale, and yet not so high as the professional. The elderly clerk is soon regarded by his employer as rather an old fogy. He does not get much better wages than the street-car men, but he belongs, as a rule, to a class of more refinement in his tastes and his surroundings. When he has a large family, he cannot look forward with the same assurance to the help his children will bring. As a rule, the Spectator believes that the children of such families, as soon as they get really self-supporting, set up for themselves, and let the old folks hoe their own row. There are thousands and thousands of honest and hard-working parents of the class above the common laborers who are forced, when they put the question to themselves, to answer that children do not pay. What a wretched realization is this, and mayhap wicked, too!

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What is to be done in the face of a condition which, to say the least, is distressing? The Spectator confesses that he does not know what can be done so far as those are concerned who have already taken up the burden of life, and much less does he know what can be done to mitigate the hardship of those who have been already semi-retired because of middle age. But he does believe that very many of the coming generation can be saved such an experience if they are trained to meet the requirements of the age. All-round men are no longer in demand. A few generations ago a man who could turn his hand to anything and everything was an invaluable assistant. His prosperity, if he were honest and sober and industrious, was reasonably assured. He was pretty certain to grow and grow according to his capacity until he became a figure and a personage in his community. Those were times when industries and social conditions both were crude. Everything is as much changed as possible. There is no place for the all-round man now. He walks superfluous on a darkened stage. The man who is in demand must be able to do excellently well some one thing that the world needs to have done. It is a time of specialization. There is the key to the future. The boy who is turned out of school or of college with no more idea of what his life's work is to be than to do anything that turns up is accepting an invitation to failure. His chances are not one in five hundred. The time to drift from thing to thing until the right opening is found has passed. It used to exist. Two generations ago the square pegs that found themselves in round holes could pull themselves out and look around till the right holes in size and shape were found. There were lots of holes in those days. But now there are many more pegs than holes. Indeed, around each hole there are waiting pegs ready to hop in when the occupant gives up. The Spectator does not lose sight for a moment of the fact that there are in each generation, and probably always will be, some few men who are so forceful and so adaptable that they make opportunities and fairly command success. They, however are very few—not one in a thousand. The others must live after a fashion and according to the conditions that surround them. These will have immeasurably better prospects if their ambitions and their energies are exerted in special channels towards which their youthful studies and training are directed.

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THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN[1]

An Autobiography

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "A Ten Years' War," etc., etc.

Chapter IV.—Working and Wandering

WINTER came quickly up by the northern lakes, but it had no terror for me. For once I had shelter and enough to eat. It found me felling trees on Swede Hill, where a considerable settlement of Scandinavians was growing up. I had tried my hand at making cradles in a furniture-shop, but at two dollars and forty cents per dozen there was not much profit in it. So I took to the woods and learned to swing an ax in the American fashion that had charmed me so at Brady's Bend. I liked it much better, anyway, than being in the house winter and summer. It is well that we are fashioned that way, some for indoors and some for outdoors, for so the work of the world is all done; but it has always seemed to me that the indoor folks take too big a share of credit to themselves, as though there were special virtue in that, though I think that the reverse is the case. At least it seems more natural to want to be out in the open where the sun shines and the winds blow. When I was not chopping wood I was helping with the ice harvest on the lake or repairing the steamer that ran in summer between Jamestown and Mayville. My home was in Dexterville, a mile or so out of town, where there lived a Danish family, the Romers, at whose home I was made welcome. The friendship which grew up between us has endured through life and been to me a treasure. Gentler and truer hearts than those of Nicholas and John Romer there are not many.

I shared my room with another countryman, Anthony Ronne, a young ax-maker, who, like myself, was in hard luck. The ax-factory had burned down, and, with no work in sight, the outlook for him was not exactly bright. He had not my way of laughing it off, but was rather disposed to see the serious side of it. Probably that was the reason we took to each other; the balance was restored so. Maybe he sobered me down somewhat. If any one assumes that in my rôle of unhappy lover I went about glooming and glowering on mankind, he makes a big mistake. Besides, I had not the least notion of accepting that rôle as permanent. I was out to twist the wheel of fortune my way when I could get my hands upon it. I never doubted that I should do that sooner or later, if only I kept doing things. That Elizabeth should ever marry anybody but me was preposterously impossible, no matter what she or anybody said.

Was this madness? They half thought so at home when they caught a glimpse of it in my letters. Not at all. It was conviction—the conviction that shapes events and the world to its ends. I know what I am talking about. If any one doubts it, and thinks his is a worse case than mine, let him try my plan. If he cannot muster up courage to do it, it is the best proof in the world that she was right in refusing him.

To return to my chum; he, on his part, rose to the height even of "going out," but not with me. There was a physical obstacle to that. We had but one coat between us, a turned black kersey, worn very smooth and shiny also on the wrong side, which I had bought of a second-hand dealer in Philadelphia for a dollar. It was our full-dress, and we took turns arraying ourselves in it for the Dexterville weekly parties. These gatherings interested me chiefly as outbreaks of the peculiar American humor that was very taking to me, in and out of the newspapers. Dancing being tabooed as immoral and contaminating, the young people had recourse to particularly energetic kissing games, which more than made up for their deprivation on the other score. It was all very harmless and very funny, and the winter wore away

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pleasantly enough in spite of hard luck and hard work when there was any.

With the early thaw came change. My friends moved away to Buffalo, and I was left for two months the sole occupant of the Romer homestead. My last job gave out about that time, and a wheelbarrow express which I established between Dexterville and the steamboat landing on the lake refused to prosper. The idea was good enough, but I was ahead of my time: travel on the lake had not yet begun. With my field thus narrowed down, I fell back on my gun and some old rat-traps I found in the woodshed. I became a hunter and trapper. Right below me was the glen through which the creek ran on its way to the sawmills and furniture-shops of Jamestown. It was full of musk-rats that burrowed in its banks between the roots of dead hemlocks and pines. There I set my traps and baited them with carrots and turnips. The manner of it was simple enough. I set the trap on the bottom of the creek and hung the bait on a stick projecting from the bank over it, so that to get at it the rat had to step on the trap. I caught lots of them. The skins brought twenty cents apiece in the town, so that I was really quite independent. I made often as much as a dollar overnight with my traps, and then had the whole day to myself in the hills, where I waylaid many a fat rabbit or squirrel and an occasional bird.

The one thing that marred my enjoyment of this life of freedom was my vain struggle to master the art of cookery in its elements. To properly get the hang of that, and of housekeeping in general, two heads are needed, as I have found out since—one of them with curls and long eyelashes. Then it is fine fun; but it is not good for man to tackle that job alone. Goodness knows I tried hard enough. I remember the first omelet I made. I was bound to get it good. So I made a muster-roll of all the good things Mrs. Romer had left in the house, and put them all in. Eggs and strawberry jam and raisins and apple-sauce, and some sliced bacon—the way I had seen mother do with "egg pancakes." But though I seasoned it liberally with baking-powder to make it rise, it did not rise. It was dreadfully heavy and discouraging, and not even the strawberry jam had power to redeem it. To tell the truth, it was not a good omelet. It was hardly fit to eat. The jam came out to better advantage in the sago I boiled, but there was too much of it. There was a fruit-jar full, but I never saw anything swell so. It boiled out of the pot and into another and another, while I kept pouring on water until nearly every jar in the house was full of sago that stood around until moss grew on it with age. There is much contrariness in cooking. When I tapped my maples with the rest—there were two big trees in front of the house—and tried to make sugar, I was prepared to see the sap boil away; but when I had labored a whole day and burned half a cord of wood, and had for my trouble half a teacupful of sugar, which made me sick in the bargain, I concluded that that game was not worth the candle, and gave up my plans of becoming a sugar-planter on a larger scale.

It was at this time that I made my first appearance on the lecture platform. There was a Scandinavian society in Jamestown, composed chiefly of workingmen whose fight with life had left them very little chance for schooling. They were anxious to learn, however, and as I was set on teaching where I saw the chance, the thing came of itself. I had been mightily interested in the Frenchman Figuier's account of the formation and development of the earth, and took that for my topic. Twice a week, when I had set my traps in the glen, I went to town and talked astronomy and geology to interested audiences that gazed terror-stricken at the loathsome saurians and the damnable pterodactyl which I sketched on the blackboard. Well they might. I spared them no gruesome detail, and I never could draw, anyhow. However, I rescued them from these beasts in season, and (together) we hauled the earth through age-long showers of molten metal into the sunlight of our day. I sometimes carried home as much as two or three dollars, after paying for gas and hall, with the tickets ten cents apiece, and I saw wealth and fame ahead of me, when sudden wreck came to my hopes and my career as a lecturer.

It was all because, having got the earth properly constructed and set up, as it were, I undertook to explain about latitude and longitude. Figures came in there,

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and I was never strong at mathematics. My education in that branch had run into a snag about the middle of the little multiplication table. A boy from the "plebs" school challenged me to fight, as I was making my way to recitation, trying to learn the table by heart. I broke off in the middle of the sixes to wallop him, and never got any further. The class went on that day without me, and I never overtook it. I made but little effort. In the Latin School, which rather prided itself upon being free from the commercial taint, mathematics was held to be in the nature of an intrusion, and it was a sort of good mark for a boy that he did not take to it, if at the same time he showed aptitude for language. So I was left to deplore with Marjorie Fleming to the end of my days the inherent viciousness of sevens and eights, as "more than human nature can endure." It is one of the ironies of life that I should have had to take up work into which the study of statistics enters largely. But the powers that set me the task provided a fitter back than mine for that burden. As I explained years ago in the preface to "How the Other Half Lives," the patient friendship of Dr. Roger S. Tracy, the learned statistician of the Health Department, has smoothed the rebellious kinks out of death-rates and population statistics, as of so many other knotty problems which we have worked out together.

But I am getting out of my longitude, as I did then. When I had groped about long enough trying to make my audience understand what I only half understood myself, an old sea-captain arose in his place and said that any man who would make a mess of so simple a thing as latitude and longitude evidently knew nothing at all. It happened to be the one thing he knew about. Popular favor is a fickle thing. The audience that had but just been applauding my efforts to organize the earth took his word for it without waiting for an explanation and went out in a body, scouting even the ichthyosaurus as a prehistoric fake.

I made a valiant effort to stem the tide, but came to worse grief than before. My only listener was a Swedish blacksmith who had attended the creation and development of the earth from the beginning with unshaken faith, though he was a member of the Lutheran church, with the pastor and deacons of which I had waged a bitter newspaper war over the "sin" of dancing. But when I said, on the authority of Figuier, that an English man-of-war had once during an earthquake been thrown into the city of Callao and through the roof of a church, between the walls of which it remained standing upright on its keel, he got up and went too. He circulated the story in the town with various embellishments. The deacons aforesaid seized upon it as welcome ammunition, constructing it into an insult to the church, and there was an end to my lecturing.

The warm spring weather, together with these disappointments, bred in me the desire to roam. I packed away my traps and started for Buffalo with my grip, walking along the lake. It set in with a drizzling rain, and I was soon wet to the skin. Where the Chautauqua summer school grounds are now I surprised a flock of wild ducks near the shore, and was lucky enough to wound one with my revolver. But the wind carried it out of my reach, and I trudged on supperless, through Mayville, where the lights were beginning to shine in the windows. But none of them was for me. All my money had gone to pay back debts to my Dexterville landlady. The Danes had a good name in Jamestown, and we were all very jealous of it. We would have starved, every one of us, rather than leave unpaid debts behind. As Mrs. Ben Wah many years after put it to me, "it is no disgrace to be poor, but it is sometimes very inconvenient." I found it so when, worn out with walking, I crawled into an abandoned barn half-way to Westfield and dug down in the hay, wet through and hungry as a bear. It stormed and rained all night, and a rat or a squirrel fell from the roof on my face. It felt like a big sprawling hand, and woke me up in a great fright.

The sun was shining upon a peaceful day when I crawled out of my hole and saw to my dismay that I had been sleeping in a pile of old hayseed that had worked through and through my wet clothes until I was a sight. An hour's patient plucking and a bath in a near-by pond restored me to something like human shape, and I held my entry in Westfield. The people were going to church in their holiday clothes, and eyed

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the uncouth stranger askance. I traveled the whole length of the town thinking what to do next. My stomach decided for me. There was a house standing in a pretty garden with two little cast-iron negro boys for hitching-posts at the steps. I rang the bell, and to an old lady who opened the door I offered to chop wood, fetch water, or do anything there was to do in exchange for breakfast. She went in and brought out her husband, who looked me over and said that if I was willing to do his chores I need go no further. I was tired and famished, and the place was so restful that I said yes at once. In ten minutes I was eating my breakfast in the kitchen, duly installed as Dr. Spencer's hired man.

I think of the month I spent in the doctor's house with mingled feelings of exasperation and amusement. If I had not learned to milk a cow there, probably Octavia Ely would never have come into my life, horrid nightmare that she was. Octavia Ely was a Jersey cow with a brass tag in her ear, whose attacks upon the domestic peace of my house in after years even now fill me with rage. In the twelve months of her sojourn with us she had fifteen different kinds of disease, every one of which advertised itself by the stopping of her milk. When she had none, she never once gave down the milk without grudging it. With three of us to hold her legs and tail lest she step in the pail, she would reach back and eat the vest off my back where I sat milking her. But she does not belong in this story, thank goodness! If she had never belonged to me or mine, I should be a better man to-day; she provoked me so. However, I cannot reasonably blame her on the doctor. His cow was friendly enough. It was Sport, the old dog, that made the heaviest and at the same time a most ludicrous item in my duties as hired man. Long past the age of sport of any kind, he spent his decadent years in a state of abject fear of thunder and lightning. If only a cloud darkened the sun, Sport kept up a ceaseless pilgrimage between his corner and the kitchen door to observe the sky, sighing most grievously at the outlook. At the first distant rumble—this was in the month of May, when it thundered almost every day—he became perfectly rigid with terror. It was my duty then to carry him down in the cellar and shut him in the wood-box, where he was out of the way of it all. Poor Sport laid his head against my shoulder and wept great tears that wrung peals of laughter from me and from the boys who always hung around to see the show

One of these was just beginning the struggle with his Homer, which I knew by heart almost, and it was the discovery, I suppose, that I was able to steer him through it between chores, as well as to teach him some tricks of fencing, that made the doctor anxious that I should promise to stay with him always. He would make me rich, he said. But other ambitions than to milk cows and plant garden truck were stirring in me. To be rich was never among them. I had begun to write essays for the magazines, choosing for my topic, for want of any other, the maltreatment of Denmark by Prussia, which rankled fresh in my memory, and the duty of all Scandinavians to rise up and avenge it. The Scandinavians would not listen when I wrote in Danish, and my English outpourings never reached the publishers. I discovered that I lacked words—they didn't pour; at which, in general discontentment with myself and all things, I pulled up stakes and went to Buffalo. Only, this time I rode in a railway train, with money in my pocket.

For all that, Buffalo received me with no more circumstance than it had done when I came there penniless, on the way to the war, the year before. I piled boards in a lumber-yard until I picked a quarrel with a tyrant foreman on behalf of a lot of green Germans whom he maltreated most shamefully. Then I was put out. A cabinet-maker in the "Beehive," a factory building out in Niagara Street, hired me next to make bedsteads, and took me to board with him. In the top story of the factory we fitted up a bedroom that was just large enough for one sitting and two standing, so long as the door was not opened; then one of the two had to get out. It mattered little, for the only visitor I had was a half-elderly countryman of mine whom they had worked so hard in his childhood that he had never had a chance to go to school. We two labored together by my little lamp, and it was great fun to see him who had never known how to read and write his own Danish make long

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strides in the strange tongue he spoke so singularly well. When we were both tired out, we would climb up on the roof and lie there and look out over the lake and the city where the myriad lights were shining, and talk of the old home and old times.

Sometimes the new would crowd them out in spite of all. I remember that Fourth of July when the salute from Fort Porter woke me up at sunrise and fired me with sudden patriotic ardor. I jumped out of bed and grabbed my revolver. There was a pile of packing-boxes in the yard below, and, knowing that there was no one around whom I could hurt, I made it my target and fired away all my ammunition at it. It made a fine racket, and I was happy. A couple of days later, when I was down in the yard, it occurred to me to look at the boxes to ascertain what kind of a score I had made. A very good one. All the bullets had hit. The boxes looked like so many sieves. Incidentally I found out that they were not empty, as I had supposed, but filled with glass fruit-jars.

I had eventually to give that job up also, because my boss was "bad pay." He was pretty much all bad, I guess. I do think his house was the most disorderly one I have ever come across. Seven ill-favored children clamored about the table, fighting with their even more ill-favored mother. She used to single out the one she wished to address by slamming a handful of string-beans, or whatever greens might be at hand, across the table at him. The youngster would fire it back, and so they were put *en rapport* with each other. The father was seldom sober at meals. When he "felt funny," he would stealthily pour a glass of water down the nearest child's back and then sit and chuckle over the havoc he had wrought. There followed a long and woeful wail and an instant explosion from the mother in this wise. I can hear her now. It was always the same:

"Gott-himmel-donnerwetter-noch-emal-ich-will-de-mal-hole-du-spitzbub-eselskerl-wart'-nur-ich-schlag-de-noch-todt-potz-sacrement!"

Whereupon, from sheer exhaustion all round, there was peace for at least five minutes.

Which reminds me of meeting Adler, my chum from Brady's Bend, in Buffalo. He had come up to get a $1,500 place, as he informed me. That would about satisfy him. That such jobs were waiting by the score for an educated German in this barbarous land he never doubted for a moment. In the end he went to work in a rolling-mill at a dollar a day. Adler was ever a stickler for etiquette. In Brady's Bend we had very little of it. At meal-times a flock of chickens used to come into the summer kitchen where we ate, and forage around, to Adler's great disgust. One day they deliberately flew up on the table, and fell to fighting with the boarders for the food. A big Shanghai rooster trod in the butter and tracked it over the table. At the sight Adler's rage knew no bounds. Seizing a half-loaf of bread, he aimed it at the rooster and felled him in his tracks. The flock of fowl flew squawking out of the door. The women screamed and the men howled with laughter. Adler flourished another loaf and vowed vengeance upon bird or beast that did not let the butter alone.

I have been often enough out of patience with the ways of the labor men which seem to me to be the greatest hindrance to the success of their cause, but I am not in danger of forgetting the other side which makes that cause—if for no other reason, because of an experience I had in Buffalo that year. In a planing-mill in which I had found employment I contracted with the boss to plane doors, sandpaper them, and plug knot-holes at fifteen cents a door. It was his own offer, and I did the work well, better than it had been done before, so he said himself. But when he found at the end of the week that I had made fifteen dollars where my slow-coach predecessor had made only ten, he cut the price down to twelve cents. I objected, but in the end swallowed my anger and, by putting on extra steam and working overtime, made sixteen dollars the next week. The boss examined the work very carefully, said it was good, paid my wages, and cut down the price to ten cents. He did not want his men to make over ten dollars a week, he said; it was not good for them. I quit then, after giving him my opinion of him and of the chances of his shop. I do not know where he may be now, but wherever he is, I will warrant that my prediction came true. There is in Danish an old proverb, "Falsk slaar sin egen Herre paa Hals," which is to say that chickens

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come home to roost, and that right in the end does prevail over might. The Chief Lord Justice over all is not to be tricked. If the labor men will only remember that, and devote, let us say, as much time to their duties as to fighting for their rights, they will get them sooner. Which is not saying that there is not a time to strike. Witness my experience with the planing-mill man.

I struck not only against him, but against the whole city of Buffalo. I shook the dust of it from my feet and went out to work with a gang on a new railroad then being built through Cattaraugus County—the Buffalo and Washington, I think. Near a village called Coonville our job was cut out for us. We were twenty in the gang, and we were to build the line across an old dry river-bed at that point. In the middle of the river there had once been a forest-clad island. This we attacked with pickax and spade and carried it away piecemeal in our wheelbarrows. It fell in with the hottest weather of the year. Down in the hollow where no wind blew it was utterly unbearable. I had never done such work before, and was not built for it. I did my best to keep up with the gang, but my chest heaved and my heart beat as though it would burst. There were nineteen Irishmen in the gang—big, rough fellows who had picked me out, as the only "Dutchman," as the butt for their coarse jokes; but when they saw that the work was plainly too much for me, the other side of this curiously contradictory, mischief-loving, and big-hearted people came out. They invented a thousand excuses to get me out of the line. Water was certainly not their daily diet, but they fell victims, one and all, to the most ravening thirst, which required the despatching of me every hour to the spring a quarter of a mile away to fill the pail. If they could not empty it quickly enough, they managed to upset it, and, to cover up the fraud, cursed each other roundly for their clumsiness. Between whiles they worried me as ever with their horse-play; but I had seen the real man behind it, and they might have called me Bismarck, had they chosen, without offense.

The heat, the work, and the slave-driver of a foreman were too much for them even, and before the end of a week the gang was broken and scattered wide. I was on the road again looking for work on a farm. It was not to be had. Sunday morning found me spending my last quarter for breakfast in an inn at Lime Lake. When I had eaten, I went out in the fields and sat with my back against a tree, and listened to the church-bells that were ringing also, I knew, in my home three thousand miles away. I saw the venerable Domkirke, my father's gray head in his pew, and Her, young and innocent, in the women's seats across the aisle. I heard the old pastor's voice in the solemn calm, and my tears fell upon her picture that had called up the vision. It was as if a voice spoke to me and said to get up and be a man; that if I wanted to win Elizabeth, to work for her was the way, and not idling my days away on the road. And I got right up, and, setting my face toward Buffalo, went by the shortest cut back to my work.

I walked day and night, pursued in the dark by a hundred skulking curs that lurked behind trees until I came abreast of them and then sallied out to challenge my progress. I stoned them and went on. Monday's setting sun saw me outside Buffalo, tired, but with a new purpose. I had walked fifty miles without stopping or eating. I slept under a shed that night, and the very next day found work at good wages on some steamers the Erie Railroad was then building for the Lake Superior trade. With intervals of other employment when for any reason work in the ship-yard was slack, I kept that up all winter, and became quite opulent, even to the extent of buying a new suit of clothes, the first I had had since I landed. I paid off all my debts, and quarreled with all my friends about religion. I never had any patience with a person who says "there is no God." The man is a fool, and therefore cannot be reasoned with. But in those days I was set on converting him, as my viking forefathers did when from heathen they became Christians—by fire and sword if need be. I smote the infidels about me hip and thigh, but there were a good many of them, and they kept springing up, to my great amazement. Probably the constant warfare imparted a tinge of fierceness to that whole period of my life, for I remember that one of my employers, a Roman Catholic builder, discharged me

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for disagreeing with him about the saints, telling me that I was "too blamed independent, anyhow." I suspect I must have been a rather unlovely customer, take it all together. Still, every once in a while it boils up in me yet against the discretion that has come with the years, and I want to slam in after the old fashion. Seems to me we are in danger of growing stale with all our soft speeches nowadays.

Things enough happened to take down my self-esteem a good many pegs. It was about this time I made up my mind to go into the newspaper business. It seemed to me that a reporter's was the highest and noblest of all callings; no one could sift wrong from right as he, and punish the wrong. In that I was right. I have not changed my opinion on that point one whit, and I would rather die a good reporter than a millionaire. The power of fact is the mightiest lever of this or of any day. The reporter has his hand upon it, and it is his grievous fault if he does not use it well. I thought I would make a good reporter. My father had edited our local newspaper, and such little help as I had been of to him had given me a taste for the business. Being of that mind, I went to the "Courier" office one morning and asked for the editor. He was not in. Apparently nobody was. I wandered through room after room, all empty, till at last I came to one in which sat a man with a paste-pot and a pair of long shears. This must be the editor; he had the implements of his trade. I told him my errand while he clipped away.

"What is it you want?" he asked, when I had ceased speaking and waited for an answer.

"Work," I said.

"Work!" said he, waving me haughtily away with the shears; "we don't work here. This is a newspaper office."

I went, abashed. I tried the "Express" next. This time I had the editor pointed out to me. He was just coming through the business office. At the door I stopped him and preferred my request. He looked me over, a lad fresh from the ship-yard with horny hands and a rough coat, and asked:

"What are you?"

"A carpenter," I said.

The man turned upon his heel with a loud, rasping laugh and shut the door in my face. For a moment I stood there stunned. His ascending steps on the stairs brought back my senses. I ran to the door and flung it open. "You laugh!" I shouted, shaking my fist at him, standing half-way up the stairs, "you laugh now, but wait—" And then I got the grip of my temper and slammed the door in my turn. All the same, in that hour it was settled that I was to be a reporter. I knew it as I went out in the street.

[To be continued in the May Magazine Number]

The New Century

By Caroline Hazard

Daughter of Time, the youngest of the years,
Not in sad mood we welcome thee to-day;
What though the force of nature in fierce play
In days gone by begot a thousand fears?
The seed of life was sown in bitter tears,
By kindly feet was trod the ancient way,
And brothers' hands were grasped; full many a ray
Showed what shall be, by that which now appears.

Nor vaunt thy mother's triumphs though so great—
The lightning chained, the pulse of wreathèd steam—
Her thought creation's lore did recreate,
And in the worm and clod, to prophets' ken,
The Lord was found, man traced his origin.
Welcome, thou daughter of a poet's dream!

Wellesley, Mass.

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The Rights of Man

A Study in Twentieth Century Problems

By Lyman Abbott

Chapter III. — The Growth of Democracy

IN two previous articles of this series I have endeavored to show how, in the conflict of eighteen centuries between the principles of the Hebrew Commonwealth and those of the Roman Empire, the latter was, by successive processes, overthrown in western Europe: first, by the transformation of the Roman Empire from a military into an ecclesiastical empire; next, by the denial of the authority of the Church by Lutheranism, and the denial of the infallibility of the Church by the new philosophy; finally, by the forcible destruction of the military remnants of Roman imperialism by the swords of Cromwell and of Napoleon. In this article I propose to trace the historical process by which the fundamental principle of the Hebrew Commonwealth has grown into general acceptance as the foundation of a new and democratic order.

I. Whatever may have been the teaching of the Hebrew prophets, some of whose utterances were certainly more catholic than the spirit of the people, the Hebrew race was possessed by a spirit of brotherhood at once inclusive and exclusive; it included all of the race of Abraham, and excluded all the rest of mankind. The most that liberalism could claim was a secondary place for the proselyte who by baptism had been adopted into the race of Abraham. This exclusive spirit is illustrated by the Temple at Jerusalem, in which no Gentile was allowed to pass beyond the Court of the Gentiles, under penalty of death; by the egotistical belief of the Hebrews that they were the chosen people of God—for the choice of a particular race out of the world by God necessarily implies that the rest of the world is left by him in darkness and disfavor; by their anticipation of the Kingdom of God, in which Jerusalem should be a world-capital, the Temple a world-center, the Hebrew nation the mistress of the world, and all other races either in subjection to them or shining in their glory, if at all, only by a reflected light. When, in Christ's first sermon, he intimated, though with the greatest tact and in the gentlest and most indirect manner, that God cared for Gentiles as well as for Jews, he was mobbed; and the proximate and immediate cause of the popular feeling against him in Jerusalem, which made possible his crucifixion, was his explicit and daring declaration that God had rejected the Hebrew people and would build his kingdom anew upon another foundation. When Paul first went out from Palestine to preach to the Gentiles, it was against the opposition of a large party in the nascent Christian Church, who could not believe his radical doctrine that God is the Father not only of the Jews but also of the Gentiles. In short, the Hebrews believed in what seems to us a very narrow doctrine of election: they believed that religion was only for the Jews, and God was the God of the Jews only.

As the Christian Church grew by accretions from the Greek and Roman world, this doctrine of national election necessarily disappeared. Greeks and Romans would not and could not believe that God was the God only of the Jews, that salvation was salvation only for the Jews, and that they could come into the Church of God and have his favor only by sufferance as adopted Jews. A new and broader doctrine of election therefore took the place of the Hebrew doctrine. The new faith was also at once inclusive and exclusive; it had also its definite barriers; but they were changed. In the Catholic Church, composed as it was in unequal parts of Jews and Gentiles, the doctrine soon became dominant that God is the God of all the baptized. There was still a race; but it was a spiritual, not an ethnic, race; there were still limitations, but they were ecclesiastical, not blood, limitations. Whoever was baptized was brought by

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baptism into personal relations with God; whoever was not baptized was left forever outside his grace. And this is still the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. "Infants dying unbaptized," says the Catholic Dictionary, "are excluded from the kingdom of heaven, although, according to the opinion now universally held, they do not undergo suffering of any kind in the next world." The Catholic faith was not always so hopeful, however, for the Catholic Dictionary is also authority for the statement that the merciful suggestion of one theologian "that God might commission angels to confer baptism on infants who might otherwise perish without it" found no general acceptance; while, on the contrary, "the theologians of the Augustinian order held an opinion at the opposite pole, viz., that the infants in question were punished both by exclusion from heaven and by positive pain, though much less pain than is inflicted on those who die in actual mortal sin;" and it adds, "This undoubtedly is the opinion of St. Augustine." What was the orthodox opinion respecting the fate of unbaptized heathen Dante graphically illustrates.

Paul, using Jewish philosophy to broaden the Jewish conception of God, had insisted that God was not confined in his choice to any race; he might, if he pleased, choose a pagan, and he might, if he pleased, pass by a Jew. John Calvin, partly resting on the authority of Paul, partly employing his method, used a similar argument against the baptismal election of the Roman Catholic Church. He insisted that God was not confined within either national or ecclesiastical lines; he might choose whom he liked and he might pass by whom he liked. Whether Calvinism was, in the intention of John Calvin, a broadening faith or not—a question not necessary here to consider—it was so in its effect. It opened the way for a supposed choice by God of Jews who had lived before Christ, of pagans who had lived without a knowledge of Christ, and of infants who had died before they were able to exercise faith in Christ. In lieu of the Catholic doctrine of election which sent all infants to a *Limbus Infantium* where they would be forever excluded from heaven, the Calvinistic doctrine of election allowed that "elect infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated by Christ, through the Spirit, who worketh when and where and how he pleaseth;"[1] and also mercifully left the hopeful believer to entertain the pleasing faith that all infants are elect and therefore all infants are saved. At the same time it opened a similar door for "all other elect persons, who are incapable of being outwardly called by the ministry of the word."[2] Calvinism, as interpreted by the Westminster Confession of Faith, does not involve the damnation of infants nor of the heathen; respecting both its attitude is that of agnosticism. The election of Calvinism is broader than that of Romanism, as the election of Romanism is broader than that of the popular conception in Judaism.

Arminianism still further broadened the doctrine of election, though it still maintained a line of exclusion and inclusion. That line, however, was not racial, nor ecclesiastical, nor theological; it was not drawn by birth, nor by divine decree, but by human choice. The most striking practical manifestation of this new doctrine of election is that afforded by the history of the rise of Methodism in England; and perhaps as unprejudiced a history of that movement as exists is the one furnished by Lecky in his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century."[3] The leaders of the movement, says Lecky, "were never tired of urging that all men are in a state of damnation who have not experienced a sudden, violent, and supernatural change." This supernatural change was based upon a conscious repentance of sin, a self-surrender of the will to God, an acceptance of Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour, and was accompanied or followed by "an absolute assurance of salvation and by a complete dominion over sin." The rapturous experiences incident to the preaching of a new and larger hope have passed away; the philosophy of the change called conversion has undergone changes; but the Methodist or Arminian doctrine of election remains substantially unchanged. It is, in a word, that God chooses all who choose him. God is regarded as the Father, not merely of a race, a baptized, an elect, but

[1] Westminster Confession of Faith, Chapter X., § III.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Vol. II., Chap. IX.

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of all who, accepting his gift of life, become conscious sharers of that life with him.

But even this is not broad enough for the broadening life of man. The doctrine of what may, for want of a better name, be called the New Theology is that God is the universal Father; that he chooses the Jews and also the Gentiles, the baptized and also the unbaptized, the elect and also the non-elect, the repentant and also the unrepentant; that he is the Father of the prodigal son as of the elder brother; the Saviour of Zaccheus as of Peter, James, and John; that he loves the whole world; that Christ lived and died to save the whole world; that universal redemption is God's purpose; that, if all men are not brought at last to holiness and life, it will be because his purpose is frustrated and his love disappointed; that, in a sentence, to quote Dr. George A. Gordon, of Boston, "God has a Christian purpose toward our entire humanity," and, "if God shall succeed, universal salvation will be the final result."[1] Such is the outcome of that gradually widening process by which the spiritual vision of man has been extended and his spiritual sympathies enlarged, from a faith that God is the Father only of the Hebrew people, to the faith that he is the Father of the whole human race, regardless alike of national, ecclesiastical, theological, or even ethical boundaries.

And the nature and work of religious institutions has changed with the changing philosophy of religion. The Jews made little or no attempt to extend their faith beyond their own nationality; the baptism of the people was the chief objective point of the Roman Catholic missions, nor was there any considerable attempt to instruct the reason or change the conscience or the moral life of men until by baptism they had come within the supposed reach of God's blessing; Calvinism made little endeavor to carry Gospel influences beyond the geographical boundaries which Providence had indicated as those set by his sovereign decree as the limits of practical Christian endeavor; missionary work in the modern sense of the term was initiated, at least so far as the Protestant Church is concerned, by the Moravians and the Methodists in the eighteenth century, but by them was confined to securing that supernatural change which they deemed essential to the favor of God; while, under the spur of the larger hope, the missionary movement of to-day includes schools, colleges, hospitals, orphanages, college settlements, boys' clubs, kindergartens—in brief, a whole host of instrumentalities which absolutely though quietly ignore alike the limitations of race, of baptism, of divine decree, and of supernatural conversion, fixed by the earlier theologies. The gift of divine life is coming to be regarded, if it is not already absolutely regarded, as intended for the whole race, regardless of blood, baptism, divine election, or even human choice; and this extension of faith and hope is to be found, if not in absolutely equal degree, in the Jewish rabbi, the Roman Catholic priest, the Presbyterian preacher, the Methodist evangelist, and the Liberal philanthropist.

[1] "The New Puritanism," page 163.

II. The change which has taken place in the conception of government is quite as radical as that in the conception of religion.

The doctrine that political governments exist and should be administered for the benefit of the governors, not for the benefit of the governed, was clearly a popular doctrine, as it certainly was the common practice, in ancient time. In Plato's "Republic" Thrasymachus thus, with cynical frankness, defines it: "Might is right; justice is the interest of the stronger." And he keenly satirizes the opposite view that governments exists for the benefit of the governed. It is not improbable that Thrasymachus is set up by Socrates only to be knocked down again, for this was quite the Socratic method; but it is evident that the doctrine which he defends was really maintained in his time, else Socrates would not have thought it worth attacking.

We need not, however, go back to ancient times to find either defenders of this doctrine that government exists for the benefit of the few, or for illustrations of governments founded upon it. Two striking illustrations are afforded at a much later period—one by Great Britain, one by France.

In the eighteenth century Great Britain governed her colonies undisguisedly, openly, avowedly, upon the principle cynically

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avowed by Thrasymachus that "justice is the interest of the stronger." The whole colonial policy was founded on the doctrine that government exists for the benefit of the governors. "The general sentiment," says Alleyne Ireland, "in regard to the colonies, during the period of the old colonial system, was that they existed merely for the benefit of the sovereign State; that they were a national asset which should be made to yield as much profit as possible to the mother country."[1] Green, in his "History of the English People," while offering some explanations of this sentiment, is not less explicit in his recognition of it. "England," he says, "looked on America as her noblest possession. It was the wealth, the growth of this dependency, which, more than all the victories of her armies, was lifting her to a new greatness among the nations. It was the trade with it which had doubled English commerce in half a century. Of the right of the mother country to monopolize this trade, to deal with this great people as its own possession, no Englishman had a doubt."[2] Lecky, in his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," is more explicit than either Green or Ireland. "England," he says, "made it a fixed maxim of her commercial policy to repress the prosperity of her colonies by crushing every industry that could possibly compete with the home market."[3]

Nor was it America alone that suffered from this doctrine that government is for the benefit of the governors, and that "justice is the interest of the stronger." A plausible argument might be framed for the application of this doctrine to the American colonies. The continent had been taken possession of by Great Britain; she owned the land by right of conquest; she had bestowed it by charters upon the colonists who were her lessees; she had expended money in defending them from the Indians; she had furnished arms and men to them in the wars against the French; they were bound to her by ties of gratitude; they ought to be willing to repay the debt by making their policies subservient to her interests. Such was the Tory argument then; its echoes are still to be found in literature. But no such arguments could be produced to defend the spoliation of the East Indies, and the spoliation of the East Indies was more open, more flagrant, more high-handed by far than the inequitable government of the American colonies. India was handed over as a private possession to a private corporation. The nominal sovereignty remained in Indian princes; the real sovereignty was delegated to the East India Company. It used the name and authority of native rulers to earn dividends for English stockholders. The system, corrupt at its fountain-head, corrupted all who administered it. The government of India became a system of organized and unorganized pillage, the latter founded on the former. When Lord Clive went out the second time to India, he declared that "every spring of the Government was smeared with corruption; that principles of rapacity and oppression universally prevailed, and that every spark of sentiment and public spirit was lost and extinguished in the unbounded lust of unmerited wealth."[1] And Lord Clive was not a purist in political morals. He had gone out to India as a youth, a penniless clerk. He had returned at the age of thirty-four with a fortune of more than two hundred thousand dollars a year, besides bestowing in gifts to his relatives two hundred and fifty thousand dollars more.

The same conception underlay and the same spirit guided English legislation concerning the American colonies. Navigation Acts forbade all trading to or from the plantations except in English-built ships. Woolens manufactured in the colonies began to compete with woolens manufactured in England; a law, therefore, was passed which forbade all exportation of colonial wool from the colonies or even from one colony to another. America abounded in iron ore. But England was dependent on iron industry; her law, therefore, forbade all iron manufacture in the colonies: "No smith might make so much as a bolt, a spike, or a nail." America abounded in furs, which began to be used in the manufacture of hats. The hatters of England protested, and a complaisant Parliament forbade the exportation of colonial hats

[1] Alleyne Ireland, "Tropical Colonization," page 7.
[2] Green's "History of England," Vol. IV., page 199.
[3] Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century." Vol. II., page 11.

[1] Lecky, "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," Vol. III., page 518.

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even from colony to colony. The colonists were accustomed to send provisions and lumber to the West Indies and bring back rum, sugar, and molasses. A law imposed prohibitive duties on all such articles unless exported from the British colonies.

Not for any theoretical doctrine that government rests on the consent of the governed, not from any complaint that the consent of the colonists had not been asked for acts of Parliament or appointments of governors, not because of any insignificant tax on tea or paper, except as these symbolized the principle that the Americans were governed, not for their own benefit, but for the benefit of the English governors, not to gratify an aspiration for independence, which at first no one desired, all deprecated, and finally the people resolved upon with reluctance because they could get justice in no other way, was the war of the American Revolution begun. Lecky truly says that "the deliberate and malignant selfishness of English commercial legislation was digging a chasm between the mother country and the colonies, which must inevitably, when the latter had become strong enough, lead to separation." One has but to reread the now unread Declaration of Independence to assure himself that Lecky and Trevelyan are right in their interpretations of the meaning of the American Revolution: it was fought to deliver the colonies from a corrupt and despotic government administered for the benefit, not of the governed, but of the governors.

It is not necessary for my purpose, nor is there space in this article, to show how this doctrine crossed the ocean, how it found a fertile soil in France, how, mingling with previous teachings to the same effect, it co-operated in producing the Revolution of 1789. Nor is it necessary to describe at length the Bourbon rule of France which had preceded that Revolution—a rule which denied every right claimed as self-evident by the Declaration of Independence—the right to life, the right to liberty, and the right to the pursuit of happiness. The wholesale starvation of communes while the Court was feasting symbolized the first denial; the Bastile, with its prisoners who never knew the complaints against them, symbolized the second; the indescribable misery of a people sunk in the despair of a degradation which language cannot picture emphasized the third. No one can read Taine's "Ancient Régime," or Morse Stephens's "French Revolution," or even such a novel as Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," and question that the government of France under the Bourbons was and had been, without disguise, administered for the benefit of the few and in disregard of the self-evident right of the many, was and had been consistently based on Thrasymachus's definition of justice as "the interest of the stronger," was and had been framed on the pattern of a slaveocracy, not on that of a household. Nor is it less clear that the revolt of 1789 was a revolt against this fundamental assumption of all feudal governments, that the many exist for the benefit of the few.

III. Analogous to and contemporaneous with this enlargement of the theological conception of God and his relation to humanity, and the political conception of government and its relation to the governed, is an enlargement of the conception of the social and industrial organization. The latter movement has not reached, either in its theory or its practice, the democratic realization; but the candid and careful student of history can hardly doubt that its tendency is democratic—that is, a tendency toward the doctrine that wealth as well as religion and government should be organized and administered, not for the few, but for the many.

In the Middle Ages the accumulations of property were almost necessarily invested in land. There were some ships and warehouses; there was some wealth in clothing and in gems; some money was hoarded, to be loaned out at usurious rates of interest; but in the main wealth was put into lands or houses. And under the feudal system land was the property of the few lords of the soil; indeed, in strictness of speech, it was all the property of one lord, the king, from whom others held it only as tenants. This theory of landownership still lingers in English law, though only as fossils from which the life has forever gone. That theory is thus stated in the article on Feudalism in the Encyclopædia Britannica: "There is no such thing as absolute property in land; a man can only have an estate of interest

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in land. Every landowner is, in the eye of the law, a tenant only. The owner in fee is the tenant of some one else, who in his turn is the tenant of another, and so on until the last and absolute owner is reached, viz., the king, from whom, directly or indirectly, all lands are held."

This, which is now only a theory, was in the Middle Ages a somber and sometimes a tragic fact. "The State: I am the State" was no egotistical fiction; it was the sober utterance of an undoubted fact. France belonged to the Bourbon king. It was his personal property, and to call him to account for wasting it was regarded as an impertinence. To attempt to reduce his income from it was treated as a violation of private rights, even more than in our time would be socialistic legislation aimed at limiting the amount of property a citizen may own or the amount of income he may be permitted to derive from it. The lords of the soil were tenants of this king, and held it by the same divine right. To them because to him, to them as his representatives, the ownership of substantially all invested wealth belonged by divine right. The public revenues of the State were the personal revenue of the king; the revenues of the estates into which the kingdom was divided were the personal revenues of the lords political and ecclesiastical. Under this system in France the public lands belonged to the king directly; of the remainder fully one-half belonged to the privileged classes. "This large fortune, moreover," says Taine, "is at the same time the richest, for it comprises almost all the large and imposing buildings, the palaces, castles, convents, and cathedrals, and almost all the valuable movable property, such as furniture, plate, objects of art, the accumulated masterpieces of centuries." The land, so far as it was productive at all, depended for its cultivation on serfs who belonged to the soil, and so to the lords of the soil. Sometimes they were permitted to preserve enough of the fruits of their labor to keep them alive; sometimes they were not; then wholesale famines ensued. But both in England and in France much of this land was purposely kept out of cultivation—part of it in private parks, part of it in great forests for the royal sport of hunting. The King of France in the closing part of the eighteenth century averaged one hunting-party every three days—stag hunts, boar hunts, wolf hunts. Such hunts were made possible only by reserving great tracts of forest from cultivation in order to serve the purposes of hunting-grounds.

The abolition of feudalism, the invention of machinery, the introduction of manufacturing, the cessation of private war, the development of commerce, and the rise of the commercial spirit, have combined to change all this. Whatever moral injury commercialism may have inflicted on the community, it has certainly accomplished a decentralization of wealth such as could not have been accomplished by any merely moral reform, however supported. The wealth of the world is no longer represented in unimproved lands; it is represented in mines, factories, ships, railroads, cultivated farms. Wealth is no longer idle; it is busy. Jesus Christ counseled his followers not to lay up for themselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust corrupt and thieves break through and steal. At that time wealth was largely represented by coins or gems hoarded in earthen vessels and buried in the ground, or in rich dresses hung in cupboards and worn with caution, that they might not tempt the omnivorous and unscrupulous tax-gatherer. Moths destroyed the garments, rust consumed the coin; thieves could carry either off. Jesus counseled against hoarding; his counsel is now followed almost universally; hoards are very few in America. He who ties up his gold and hides it in a trunk, or invests it in an extraordinary assortment of clothing, is rightly regarded as a fool. Neither moth nor rust corrupts active wealth; and thieves cannot steal it. And this busy wealth necessarily renders service to others than its possessor. The railroad serves the farmer and the railroad employee; the factory, the operative and the purchaser in the market; the cultivated land, the farmer who cultivates the soil and the men and women and children whom by his industry he feeds. Commercialism compels the man of wealth so to use his wealth that the world shares it whether he will or no. Even idle wealth becomes a minister to the people. The parks are no longer private property; they are the breathing-places of the city; and the analogue of England's Great Forest, the Yellowstone

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Park, is held in trust for seventy-five millions of people.

At the same time and by the same process property is broken up into fragments and has many owners while it is serving many people. We hear much about the concentration of wealth in America. In fact, the process of the centuries has been toward decentralization, not toward centralization, of wealth. Never in the history of the world has wealth been so widely distributed in ownership, and never approximately so widely distributed in the benefits it confers, as in democratic America to-day.[1] The complaint against centralization of wealth is really due to the fact that the community are beginning to appreciate the advantages of wealth distribution, to see the evils of its concentration, and to recognize that they have the power, though they do not yet know how to exercise it, to prevent such concentration. While thus commercialism and modern invention have brought about the distribution of wealth in one way, the enlargement of human sympathy has brought it about in another. There never was a time when man had not fellow-feeling for his brother man. But his brother man was the member of his own household or the member of his own tribe. Those that lay beyond the horizon of his household or his tribe did not come within the circle of his sympathy. Later the sympathies were enlarged to include all of his class, of whatever nation. *Noblesse oblige* was the law of the Middle Ages. The nobility owed something to the nobility, but nothing to the peasant class. Thanks to the influence of Christianity, to the preaching especially of the lower clergy, to the influence of a wider intelligence, to political revolutions, to industrial uprisings, in a word, to the development of humanity, *noblesse oblige* has grown into a spirit of humanity. When Mr. Carnegie considers what he shall do with his wealth, he resolves to confer benefits, not on the men of his own class, but on the men who have no class relation to him. As I am writing these lines it is announced that he has given five millions of dollars in trust for the benefit, not of the circle in which he moves, or the class to which, so far as in America there can be said to be classes, he is supposed to belong, but for the benefit of the workingmen on whom his industrial prosperity has depended, and for their families. Thus a catholic philanthropy has co-operated with the spirit of commercialism to secure a distribution of the benefits of wealth, while industrial forces have done something, as we shall see more clearly hereafter, to secure the distribution of its ownership and control.

IV. These three processes, religious, political, and industrial, have been accompanied by a fourth process—educational. There are two contrasted philosophies respecting the significance and end of life. The one is expressed by the phrase "struggle for existence, survival of the fittest." It assumes that the end of life is the development of a type of individual character, what Nietzsche calls the "beyond man." It assumes that the weak and the poor are to be destroyed by the process, and that whatever intervenes to prevent their destruction delays the desired consummation. The other assumes that the end of life is the development of a race in which the strong will be the servants of the weak, and by their service will make the weak fit to survive. The end of life, according to this conception, which is Christ's, is a race, a divinely organized society, a kingdom of God or a kingdom of heaven, on the earth.

Which of these is the sounder philosophy, which most scientifically interprets life, which will achieve the noblest results in character, it is not necessary for my purpose here to discuss. It is enough to say that the latter of these is the dominant philosophy to-day, and all educational systems in western Europe, England, and America are based upon it. How these educational systems have grown, how the principle of education has been changed, the curriculum widened, and the circle of pupils to be provided for increased, will be subject for consideration hereafter. It must now suffice to point out the fact that with democratic institutions has gone a democratic ideal of education. Popular suffrage and representative assemblies have been accompanied with public schools providing by the State for the education of all the children of school age.

And this widening of education by an enlarged school system has been accompanied by similar educational processes

[1] Some statistics on this subject will be given in a later paper.

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outside the school. The discovery of the printing-press has created cheap literature and the cheap newspaper, and, by making reading possible to all, has made education possible for all. Photogravure, color-printing, and photographs have made art universal, while the press has made literature so, and education has given to the common people the ability to enjoy the one and utilize the other. If the highest ideals for the few have been lowered by this process—though this is by no means here asserted—it is certain that the enjoyments and abilities of the many have been greatly increased. Education, no less than religion, government, and industry, has been transformed from the servant of an elect few into a ministry to the many.

We need not go to the Church nor to the Book as an authority in order to learn what God is doing in his world. We may deduce his purpose from his achievements. Thus, history reveals his will, because it shows what ends he has accomplished through the wills, often unintelligent and sometimes recalcitrant, of his children. When history is interrogated, it replies that He who is mightier than the mightiest has, on the one hand, undermined and destroyed the imperial organization typified in ancient Rome, and, on the other, has built up a democratic organization typified in the religious, political, industrial, and educational life of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. In the future papers in this series I shall assume the conclusion to which I have thus far sought to conduct the reader. I shall assume that the object of religion, of government, of industry, and of education is the benefit of all the people, and I shall ask the reader to consider with me what, assuming this to be the case, the organization of society should be; assuming that the end of government is the benefit of the governed, what should be the organization of government; assuming that the end of industry is the welfare of humanity, what should be the organization of industry; assuming that educational and religious institutions are for the benefit of all, what should be the institutions of religion and education. If there are any of my readers who are still inclined to the opinion that life is for the few, not for the many, that its end is the development of a few fine types, not the development of a divine race, they and I will from this point part company.

The Union Organist[1]

By H. V. S. Myers

SALEM, N. D., was a progressive village. It was neither large nor wealthy, but to intimate that it was *not* progressive would have called down on the head of the intimator something as near a malediction as a Salemite would permit himself to use. It had intended to be a large place, but, like many people, it had never been able to carry out its intentions. It was situated, as was supposed, directly in the line of a projected railroad, but when the road was built the projectile was in some way diverted from its course, and Salem's project of being a large town failed. But it was progressive, and intended to continue so until the end of time. When its expectations of largeness were most promising, the religious denominations had been wide awake, and each one had secured from the authorities a site for a church building. Five of these had never gone any further than that, but the Methodists and Congregationalists had gone to the extent of putting up modest structures so arranged that it would be easy to enlarge them in the future. That future had been a disappointment, and their houses of worship were not filled at any service; but either denominational pride or the hope that the deferred growth of the village might some day be remedied prevented either one from abandoning the field.

Now, the progressiveness of Salem was manifested in many ways. It had a trolley line which connected it with a town that was not too many miles away, and electric light that was supplied by the

[1] We do not assume the responsibility of asserting that the incidents described in the following sketch actually occurred; but if it is nothing more than allegory, it throws interesting light on the problem of church unity, which is so often presented to small communities in the East as well as in the West.—THE EDITORS.

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same company that ran the trolley. It did not need a village water supply, for the wells were numerous and their water good.

In another direction this progressiveness was shown, and that a very important direction. The inhabitants were a thoughtful and reading people, and were well acquainted with the religious advancement of the day. They had read such works as those of Dr. Gladden, and believed in religious co-operation, and showed it by exchange of pulpits and the holding of union thanksgiving services, when each congregation was convinced that neither one could muster enough of a gathering to make a service seem necessary or even dignified. And when the Methodists started on a series of protracted meetings, the Congregationalists never had special services. Thus there was only a generous rivalry. And this extended even to the matter of the pastor's salary, for both of them were usually about three months behind in its payment. This was perhaps more of a misfortune than a fault, for they would have been only too glad to keep their finances in good shape. The pastors were accustomed to meet frequently and consult about the matters that concerned them both, and especially on the question of church economies, for they argued that if less were spent in other directions there would be more left to pay them.

Now it so happened that the musical talent was lacking or latent in Salem, and it was with great difficulty that any one could be had who could officiate acceptably at the organs in the respective churches. And the day came when both churches were without that very desirable adjunct to divine worship, an organist. Brother Jones came in to talk the matter over with Brother Thompson. He had an idea about organists. It had come to the point when they must either pay an organist or have their organ stand a mute and reproachful witness to their lack of musical talent.

"I have been asking myself," said Mr. Jones, "whether we might not make some arrangement so that the same organist might serve us both. I am informed that there is a good man at —— whom we could secure at a very moderate price, but it is more than I can spare out of my salary. Could we not share the expense, and perhaps get some of it by a subscription?"

"I cannot see," said Mr. Thompson, "how it could be arranged, for we hold our services at the same time you do, and I cannot induce my people to do otherwise."

"Neither can I," replied Mr. Jones; "but in that which seems to be an insuperable obstacle I think I have a solution of the matter. You know that I have in my congregation Johnson, who works for the Light Company. He is a genius in a way, and I have talked with him about the use of electricity in organs. He says that he used to work at this in New York, and has often assisted in putting in electrical attachments. The amount of power used is inconsiderable. He says, moreover, that if we want to try the experiment he will arrange it for us next week, when he will have his vacation. It seems to me that it will be an excellent exhibition of Christian comity to have such a co-operative scheme, and we certainly will be the first to attempt it and thus increase the respect of other places for the progressiveness of Salem."

"Well," said Mr. Thompson, "it strikes me favorably, if it can be made to work, but there are many details that must be worked out."

"I think," said Mr. Jones, "that I have worked out the whole scheme. I could not sleep last night, and my thoughts ran along this channel. So this morning I met Johnson and told him that I was coming here to talk with you about it. He said that since we talked of the matter before he has discovered that he has among his materials part of an electrical attachment that had been taken out of a church in New York and given to him. It seems to me that Providence is favoring us."

"But let us see," said Mr. Thompson, "what the details of your plan are."

"Well, first we must have the same order of service. That is easily arranged, for they are now very much alike, and we can make one that will not offend any of our people or violate any tradition. The last stroke of my bell will give the signal for the organist to begin the voluntary. We will both be in our pulpits before he finishes and ready to begin. He can then play Old Hundred and we can sing the Doxology. Then will come an interval

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of, say, twelve minutes in which we can do anything that the service calls for before we sing a hymn. Our hymns must be of the same meter but need not be identical, and the number of verses must be the same. After the hymn will come the prayer, for which we will allow ten minutes, and two minutes and a half for giving out the second hymn. Then three minutes for giving the notices, and the offertory will be played. We will then allow thirty minutes for the sermon and closing prayer, two minutes for giving out the hymn again, and one minute for the benediction after the hymn. Now isn't that reasonable? And don't you believe that two men as sensible as we are can make it go?"

"There seems to be no practical difficulty," said Mr. Thompson.

So it came to pass that on Monday morning Johnson, with the help of the two ministers, began the task of installing the attachment that was to be a novel witness of the co-operation of churches. He was thoroughly interested, and succeeded in so interesting the proposed organist that he declared that he would charge nothing, because he would help in anything that must eventually impress the unbelieving that there was a practical side to the idea of church unity.

Sunday came, and as the whole village had come to know of the project, there were more people in church than in many months. The ministers had gone through the service on Saturday without performing the different exercises, but allowing the necessary time to elapse, and it was all eminently satisfactory. They compared watches half an hour before the time to begin. It must be acknowledged that they were a trifle nervous, for they realized that far more was at stake than a mere interruption of one or the other service. The world, that wicked world which had so often scoffed at the petty quarrels that arose too often in churches, was to be impressed and convinced that mayhap the millennium was not so far distant as some supposed.

The bell ceased and the organs in both churches sounded forth. It looked a little strange that there was no one presiding at the instrument in the Congregational church, but that was a minor matter. Organs had been played before when the performer was invisible. At length the familiar strains of Old Hundred were heard, and as the preliminary playing ended the congregations rose to sing. The hearts of the people were stirred within them at the thought that "Though sundered far, by song they met," to freely paraphrase the old hymn. Each pastor had his time-table, so to speak, before him, and each was ready when the notes of the first hymn sounded forth. And so throughout the entire service all went well. The Congregationalists took a little longer to receive the offering, but that was in no way an interruption or disturbance, for the voluntary was long enough to allow for the difference. The "long" prayer was a trifle constrained, for, unless proper connection was made there, as a railroad man said, there would be trouble. The close of the sermons was also noticeable, for Mr. Jones was obliged to lengthen his application and Mr. Thompson was scarcely able to get in any. These were, however, minor details that did not in any serious degree prevent the general working out of the plan. And as the congregations met on their way home, there was much congratulation. Salem had given one more exhibition of the Psalmist's "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

The evening service was as largely attended as the morning, for the mothers who had to cook dinners were anxious to see for themselves how this new order of things worked, and the husbands who rarely went to church tried to hide their curiosity by taking a back seat after the services had begun. But all went well. There was no failure to connect, and the schedule was strictly observed.

The two ministers were a little more tired than usual on Monday on account of the unusual mental strain, but they had no regret, for they had accomplished something that was for the advancement of the kingdom and the fame of Salem. And for weeks this delightful state of affairs continued. Once the serpent dared show his horrid front in the person or rather suggestion of a Congregational sister that the Methodists had an advantage in that they always had the presence of the organist, but so prompt and severe was the rebuke given by other members of the flock that the sister was sorry, if not convinced.

Such a condition of blessedness could

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not be expected to last very long, for the powers of evil could not view it with complacency, and would certainly plot for its overthrow. The prince of the power of the air first intervened. There came a very severe storm of rain and wind on a certain Saturday night, and the sun shone so brightly on the Sabbath morning that all suspicion of harm was taken away. But when the strains of the voluntary swelled forth in the Methodist church, there was a most peculiar effect produced in the sister edifice. Certain notes utterly refused to make themselves heard, while, as if to make up for the deficiency, others persisted in being heard when they were expected to be silent. It was with the greatest difficulty that even the key for the Doxology could be caught, and although the congregation bravely sang it to the end, it was only by a display of those powers of endurance which they inherited from their Mayflower ancestors. And so throughout the entire service there was a fitful and most remarkable performance. The trouble was, however, remedied during the afternoon.

But there came a fateful day which nearly prostrated the brother to whose inventive brain the idea had been suggested. There was sickness in the Jones household. Mrs. Jones's mother was ill, and the household affairs went much askew. Mr. Jones had been watching with his mother-in-law until the small hours, and arose unrefreshed after a little sleep. It was his habit to wind his watch at night, but in his anxiety he had omitted it. The usual comparison of timepieces took place on the way to church, but during the long prayer Mr. Jones's watch stopped. He failed to notice this fact, and was astonished to find himself interrupted while he was reading the first lines of the hymn. During the singing he compared his timetable and his watch, and, discovering where the difficulty lay, he borrowed the watch of a deacon. He realized that it might not be exactly like the organist's timepiece, but he believed that he would be able to make everything work aright by careful calculation. He did not, however, realize his exhausted condition and his inability to add and subtract just at that time.

Allotting, as he supposed, the proper time for his notices, he seated himself to allow the offering to be received. The deacon also waited for the organ, but after a few moments the delay became embarrassing and he passed through the aisles with the plate. Just as the deacon resumed his seat the looked-for music came, much to the amusement of the irreverent; and, furthermore, at the close of the selection the B flat in the middle register refused to discontinue, but sounded until the wind was exhausted and then ceased with a wail like that of the condemned. Beads of perspiration stood on the brow of the reverend brother, while the aforesaid irreverent ones actually snickered aloud. His nervousness as he began his discourse was painfully evident, but as he proceeded he became more at ease, although he kept an eye on the watch. Just as he reached the most effective part of his peroration he and his hearers were startled by the melodious strains of the organ. There was but one thing to be done. He stopped short and, omitting the prayer, gave out the closing hymn. Alas! in his confused and strained condition of mind he announced not only the wrong hymn, but one of a different meter. An attempt was made with the first line, but when the mistake was perceived the people could only stand mute while the hymn was sung by their fellow-worshipers, and join with them in the spirit.

Mr. Jones went to his home a sick man. The mental strain had been so great that he was unable even to conduct an evening service, and the Methodist congregation held a prayer-meeting. On the morrow, when Mr. Thompson came to condole with him, he could only beg for his brother's consent to discontinue the arrangement. "I shall become insane," said he, "if I pass through such an experience again." Providentially, a Methodist family in which there was a musician moved into the village, and the Congregational minister's daughter returned from school to remain, and so both churches were provided for musically. Thus this interesting experiment failed, although it was such a good exhibition of Christian co-operation.

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The Peace Conference at The Hague[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

MR. HOLLS'S book describes one of the great achievements of our time. It is one of the few books in which a man describes scenes and events "all of which he saw, and part of which he was." At this moment, when our own President has recommended that the Chinese indemnity questions shall be referred to the Hague Court for decision, and when the world seems coming round to his suggestion, we are glad to call attention again to this masterly history of the Congress.

The Congress itself has had to suffer from the same cruel sentence as awaited Mr. Blaine's Pan-American Congress. From the moment when that remarkable body determined to sit with closed doors, it alienated the representatives of the press—and had not in the world a single friend who could or would write in the daily journals of it or of its work. Thus the results, somewhat academic at best, of the Pan-American Conference were permitted to sink, unhonored and unsung, into forgetfulness, while the prize-fights of the day and its athletic triumphs sink into forgetfulness well sung and by the journals highly honored. This fate, so far as the first half of the history goes, is precisely that of the Hague Conference.

But the Hague Conference was not born to die. It took a definite and distinct step forward in the history of the world. Its determinations were not academic, but practical. And now we have the contemporary narrative of its history by one competent to write it.

Mr. Holls was one of the American Commissioners. He is a leading lawyer at the New York bar, and had taken his part with Mr. Walter Logan, Mr. Martin Jones, Mr. Sherman Rogers, Mr. Chauncey Depew, Mr. Veeder, and others, when, with so brave a forward look, the New York bar, as a body, had committed itself in 1896 to the theory and possibility of a High Court of Nations. Mr. Holls is far too modest to talk about himself, but one guesses that a man who seems to know personally half the diplomatists of Europe, and speaks half a dozen languages with equal ease, must have lived much on the other side of the ocean, and moved freely in diplomatic circles. He is almost painfully silent as to some currents beneath the surface, about which he must have known a great deal. But he gives us enough of what the artists call the broken lights of his picture—he gives us enough of those little details which a bystander sees, but which the regulation historian always passes by—to make the book entertaining through and through.

There are even intelligent people who do not yet understand that what we call the Hague Conference practically resolved itself into three Conferences, of which the work was as different as is the work of the coiffeur who dresses a lady's hair from that of the shoemaker who makes her dancing-shoes. The Conference was itself a body of one hundred members, chosen by the twenty-six Powers engaged, with a foresight almost wonderful of the duties before them. At its very first meeting these members were divided into three sections. One committee was to consider the various projects for the limitation, or possibly the reduction, of armies and navies in the future; another committee had to consider the adaptation to maritime warfare of the principles of the Geneva Convention; while the work of a third committee, whose work devolved on the *Comité d'Examen*, which might perhaps to an American be interpreted "The Steering Committee," looked to the possible establishment in the future of a High Court of Nations.

Now, it is very convenient for the average reader who wants to get a subject comfortably out of his way, so that he may be prepared for the next picture in the kaleidoscope of present history—it is very convenient for him to pile together, in a hugger-mugger sort of way, all these three subjects of inquiry; as the good Elisabeth put into the bag, on which her son Francis was to sit, in the boat, a Bible and a pound of nails and a bottle of paregoric. But a bottle of paregoric is a different thing

[1] *The Peace Conference at The Hague.* By Frederick W. Holls, D.C.L. The Macmillan Co., New York. $3.

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from a tenpenny nail; and a regulation regarding explosives, or the use of balloons, is wholly different from a decree as to the appointment of judges in a Permanent Tribunal. The reader, therefore, who really cares for the eternal truth rubs into his memory so that it may stay there the fact that the history of the Hague Conference is the history of three sub-conferences. These sub-conferences met at different places, at different times, and

"Did the thing that they were set to do."

The general Conference had the sense to accept, in substance, their proposals, and to confess its limitations, as they confessed theirs. These proposals, therefore, appear now as the determinations of the civilized world, as stated by competent authority, in the year 1899.

It should be remembered that until this time the civilized world had not agreed by authorized spokesmen to any statement of international law. It is indeed a fine illustration of the worth of the individual, in our modern society, that up till this time international law has been the result of the utterances of separate students, who had no authority but the living God for their utterances. It is as Newton announced the law of gravitation, and required no rescript from Queen Anne or Louis XV. or the Pope of Rome to compel the world to accept his announcement. From Grotius down to Wheaton, the authorities, so called, have been private men who had studied history, who had tried to find out the Divine Will, and then had uttered what they believed true. There had been different conferences at different times which had suggested this or that dictum of international law, but it was reserved for the Hague Conference to make such utterances with the weight so overwhelming as is in the authority given by the rulers of twenty-six nations who appointed their representatives to do this very thing.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

About the Bible: A Collection of Extracts from Writings of Eminent Biblical Scholars and of Scientists of Europe and America. Compiled by Charles L. Hammond. Illustrated. Cooke & Fry, New York. 5×7½ in. 136 pages. $1.25.

The world moves fast. Barely twenty years ago Professor Toy's Old Testament primer, "History of the Religion of Israel," published by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, was too radical for some Unitarian churches. But this book, whose compiler announces himself a member of "an evangelical church," far overshoots it. We strongly sympathize with his protest against some current Sunday-school teaching which children, when grown, will resent as contradictory to scientifically established truth. We find a great deal of valuable information given about the Bible, the universe, and history, with personal notices of men distinguished for learning. Many Biblical facts are also presented in the soundly historical view that substitutes fact for illusion. But it behooves a student of the Bible to be less dogmatic and more cautious than Mr. Hammond has been in the field of open questions. From his account of the books of the New Testament one would not be certain that any are authentic, not even those Epistles universally recognized as St. Paul's. Nor is any attempt made to give due weight to the testimony of St. Paul as strongly corroborative of the evangelic tradition at a date but little subsequent to the historical facts. The negative aspect which this part of Mr. Hammond's book wears is not justified by the best scholarship. To say of the cardinal fact of Jesus' resurrection that it "is not an external fact, but simply a form of belief assumed by the faith of his friends," is to utter an opinion which, from the point of view of the best historical scholarship, must be characterized as idiosyncratic.

An Iseult Idyll and Other Poems. By G. Constant Lounsbery. John Lane, New York. 4½×7¼ in. 79 pages.

A thin volume of poems, written with great care and with a delicate sense of poetic values, but essentially secondary in its inspiration; echoes for the most part of classical moods, and dealing to a considerable extent with classical themes; charming exercises in verse rather than original poetry.

Argonaut Letters. By Jerome Hart. Illustrated. Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco. 5½×8¼ in. 421 pages.

Immensely superior to the average book of globe-trotter's notes of travel in liveliness, sharpness of observation, and amusing qualities generally. Sometimes one feels that the author lets his *penchant* for sprightliness, his love of showing that he has "a large bump of irreverence," and his posing as a man of the world obscure his good judgment and better

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taste, and sometimes there is a note of exaggeration and almost of burlesque; but, taken all in all, these chapters, originally published as letters in the San Francisco "Argonaut," are pithy and show keen appreciation of phases of foreign life not known to the ordinary traveler. They are interesting alike to the reader who has gone and to the reader who is going to Europe and Egypt, and they agreeably supplement, though they do not supersede, the little red books to which Mr. Hart seems to have such an aversion. The book is decidedly well printed, and has many reproduced photographs.

Body of Christ (The). By Charles Gore, M.A., D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 330 pages. $1.75.

A discussion of the significance of the Lord's Supper by one of the leaders of the High Church movement in England; a man of devout spirit, of great learning, of original power as a thinker, and of the first prominence in the English Church as a preacher. Canon Gore treats the subject from the historical point of view; he marshals the passages which bear upon it in the New Testament; he has made careful study of the attitude of the Early Church; he examines the patristic writers; he deals with the Roman Catholic point of view, and he presents, as clearly as the subtle nature of the subject will permit, the view of the English Sacramentalist. The book is written in an irenic spirit, and is profoundly religious in temper. It is an authoritative statement of one great interpretation of the Lord's Supper.

Boy General (The): Story of the Life of Major-General George A. Custer. By Elizabeth B. Custer. Edited by Mary E. Burt. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 204 pages. 60c.

This is a well-condensed survey of General Custer's life as told by Mrs. Custer in her "Tenting on the Plains," "Following the Guidon," and "Boots and Saddles." It thus summarizes General Custer's services from the reorganization of Texas after the Civil War, and the suppression of the intended Mexican invasion, to his yet more notable work in opening up the great Northwest. The book is a good one for boys, young or old. It is also good for school reading.

Crucial Instances. By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 242 pages. $1.50.

A collection of short stories in Mrs. Wharton's characteristic vein. The stories deal almost entirely with psychological motives, treated from the psychological point of view, in a style very carefully and artistically wrought out. Mrs. Wharton is unusually well equipped for the work of writing fiction; she has the sense of literary values and the sense of literary forms. Her work has shown that she was in danger of confounding psychology with literature—two things which are essentially different. There have been indications that she was too close a student of Mr. Henry James, who has sacrificed literature for psychology, the method of art for the method of philosophy. These stories are more hopeful; they indicate greater directness and less care for Mr. James. If Mrs. Wharton will treat the problems of character which interest her from the literary rather than the psychological point of view, she has it in her power to write books which are likely to last.

East London. By Sir Walter Besant. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 6×9 in. 364 pages. $3.50.

The one person in all England to do for East London what Mr. Riis has done for New York's East Side in "How the Other Half Lives" and "A Ten Years' War" was the author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" and "Children of Gibeon." Sir Walter has assimilated the historical associations of London more thoroughly than any other writer of our day; he has his "Stow" at his finger-ends; and he has also, with this exact knowledge of old days in London, the born romancer's appreciation of old-time flavor and color and suggestion. All this he has shown abundantly in his books "London," "Westminster," and "South London," which may be read with the keenest delight by those to whom archæology and historic reconstruction are ordinarily less welcome than fiction. In the present book the element just referred to is inevitably less conspicuous, although not absent, but we have a large-hearted, broadly sympathetic effort to show the real life and life-interests of the people who inhabit that vast and crowded territory lying east of Bishopsgate Street Without and north of the Thames, including the once rural villages of Hackney, Stepney, Bow, and Stratford. This district is by no means all made up of slums, and here, as in several of his stories, the author takes pains and pleasure in telling of the many thousands of industrious, independent craftsmen, as well as of the larger number of patient day laborers. With no attempt to do what Mr. Charles Booth has so ably accomplished in statistical work, Sir Walter does something even more valuable in taking the reader into the East London streets, showing us the squalor, drudgery, and poverty, the slow-witted minds of the workers, their heavy, monotonous round of dreary work and cheap amusement, and yet making us feel that these are men and women who must be dealt with as individuals rather than as a class, as part of our common humanity rather than as part of a machine. The book is more than interesting; it is fascinating. It is full of side-lights, of striking bits of typical imaginary biography, of odd historical reminiscences, of suggestions for social workers. Like its predecessors in Sir Walter Besant's series on London, the work is handsomely printed; that it is admirably illustrated will be known when we say that Mr. Phil May, Mr. Joseph Pennell, and Mr. Raven Hill have collaborated in the work; each in his way is a past-master in depicting phases of London life and character.

Ethical Democracy: Essays in Social Dynamics. By Professor D. G. Ritchie, G. H. Perris, J. R. MacDonald, J. A. Hobson, M.A., Prof. J. H. Muirhead, Zona Vallance, F. J. Gould, Margaret McMillan, Prof. Adamson, Christian Collin, M.A., and Dr. Stanton Coit. Edited for the Society of Ethical Propagandists by Stanton Coit. Grant Richards, London, England. 5×7¾ in. 361 pages.

A volume of inharmonious but remarkably

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suggestive essays on the philosophy of government. The essayists were selected by the Society of Ethical Propagandists, and stand, therefore, as the representatives of its creed. They do not, however, make possible any formulation of this creed that can be made known and loved by great masses of men. On the contrary, all the resolutions of this Society seem to be so "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" and the paler cast of criticism that they lose all promise of action. Nevertheless, the work is not in vain even when judged as a whole, for the volume proves that the conscience of the Ethical Society, not finding relief in the time-honored activities of the Church for the salvation of individuals, is at least deeply troubled by the new social problems to which the Church is giving little heed. Some of the individual essays, furthermore, have the clearness and definiteness of purpose which the volume as a whole lacks. No one, for example, can object to Mr. Hobson's essay on the "Ethics of Industrialism" that the author does not know just where he would lead those who became his followers. The most suggestive essay in the volume, however, is that of the editor, Dr. Stanton Coit, on the "Dynamics of Democracy." This essay contains a statement of the quickening and elevating power of democratic ideals such as has rarely been made in our political literature. It is, however, the statement of a poet rather than a statesman, and of a poet who has an inspiring vision of the future rather than one who has a deep comprehension of our heritage from the past. The author does not understand that the socialistic democracy which he loves is one in spirit with the individualistic democracy which he rejects, and that the new work of putting the collective interests of the people under the direction of their collective judgment is merely the supplement of the old work of putting the individual interests of the people under the direction of their individual judgment. Unless we can preserve the liberty for which the old democracy contended, the fraternity for which the new democracy contends will prove to be but the supreme culmination of discord.

Father Hecker. By Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr. (The Beacon Biographies of Eminent Americans.) Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 3¾×5¾ in. 157 pages. 75c.

The founder of the Paulist Fathers, the exponent of that type of Roman Catholicism known in the Church as "Americanism," is worthily included in this series. The materials for the present sketch of his life have been judiciously drawn for the most part from the "Life of Father Hecker" written by Father Walter Elliott.

Feeding of Infants (The). By Joseph E. Winters, M.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 47 pages. 50c.

Four Hundred Laughs; or, Fun Without Vulgarity. Compiled and Edited by John R. Kemble. The New Amsterdam Book Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 183 pages. 75c.

From a Swedish Homestead. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Jessie Brochner. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in 376 pages.

It is difficult to praise this book too highly. The author's style is simple, direct, and picturesque with a kind of Scandinavian picturesqueness which we have learned to appreciate in Andersen and other story-writers from Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. The present book has the quiet, idyllic charm of Sweden itself, but the author does not confine her story-telling to that country alone. Her range of subjects extends from Icelandic saga to biographies of the saints, and to transcripts from the old Italian romancers. Interesting and well worth reading as are the tales founded on these subjects, we like best of all the author's sketches of modern life in her own land. Her art is a genuine art, and her admirers are to be congratulated that the translator has been so successful in retaining the saga-like simplicity of the original.

Her Mountain Lover. By Hamlin Garland. The Century Co., New York. 5×8 in. 396 pages. $1.50.

A typical Colorado miner goes to London in an effort to sell his mine, and brings a far-Western breeze of unconventionality into London society. His masterful and manly ways almost win the heart of a sympathetic English-Irish girl, but she shrinks at the last from the prospect of being a cowboy's bride, and keeps him from committing himself—fortunately, as he soon finds that he had really left his heart in the keeping of a typical American girl. There is a good deal of vivacity in the talk of the "mountain lover," and his behavior in the to him hateful great city is amusing and picturesque. Perhaps his scorn of all unfortunate people who do not belong to the "high country" gets a little wearing before the story ends; but his sympathy for all out-of-doors is fresh, vigorous, and inspiriting. The minor characters of the book have little reality, and the plot is merely a rather poorly constructed vehicle for the exhibition of the one interesting character.

History of Rome (A): For High Schools and Academies. By George Willis Botsford, Ph.D. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 396 pages. $1.10.

It is not easy to conceive how a school history such as this is, with the apparatus for the pupil that it furnishes, could be perceptibly improved upon. Extending from the earliest times to Charlemagne, A.D. 800, it preserves the continuity of the ancient pagan empire with the mediæval Christian empire. It is imperial Rome that the author emphasizes as having left the mark of Rome on the world. The traditional representations of such "tyrants" as Tiberius, Domitian, and even Nero, receive a revision that relieves them of more or less of their infamy.

History, Prophecy, and the Monuments. By James Frederick McCurdy, Ph.D., LL.D. In 3 vols. (Third Edition, Revised Throughout.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. $9.

Reserved for later notice.

Kith and Kin. By George Hyde Lee, M.D. The Neale Co., Washington, D. C. 4¾×7 in. 174 pages. $1.

King Kindness and the Witch and Other Stories. By Helen Wells. Illustrated. C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse. 4¾×7 in. 118 pages.

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Laurie Vane and Other Stories. By Molly Elliott Seawell. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 4¾×7½ in. 152 pages. $1.

The well-known author of "The House of Egremont" has collected, under the title "Laurie Vane," some pleasant short stories, intended primarily for young folks, but suitable for readers of any age.

L'Art d'intéresser en Classe et la Lettre Chargée. By Victor F. Bernard. William R. Jenkins, New York. 4¾×7½ in. 50c.

Love Letters of a Liar (The). By Mrs. William Allen. The Ess Ess Publishing Co., New York. 4×5½ in. 68 pages. 50c.

Man-Building: A Treatise on Human Life and Its Forces. By Lewis Ransom Fiske, LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 324 pages. $1.25.

Dr. Fiske's design is to aid the young in the development of a well-balanced and complete human nature, and to second the efforts of their teachers to that end. In so doing he covers a wide field, including psychology, logic, ethics, physiology, sociology, and religion. Instructive and judicious as he is, he does not grip one's attention as well as he carries one's judgment; there is a certain lack of concreteness and tendency to generalities. For this reason we doubt if it is well adapted to young people, except those of a sedate and serious turn.

Martin Brook. By Morgan Bates. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 365 pages.

This is, we believe, a first story, and it has some of the faults of a first story. There are occasional touches of crudity in it, and at points the construction is not as deft and skillful as it might be; but these are very minor blemishes in a piece of work which is full of the elements which go to the making of strong fiction—clearly conceived characters set in dramatic relations to one another, powerful motives, underlying seriousness of spirit, and a group of incidents significant of character and also provocative of passion and emotion. "Martin Brook," plucked out of a kind of slavery himself by the hand of a gentleman of the old school, is peculiarly fitted by nature and by the circumstances of his life to become an abolitionist at a time when to be an abolitionist involved in many cases an element of heroism. To Martin Brook it meant sacrifice of all the external advantages of life and of its sweetest relations—a sacrifice met with unfaltering courage. His character is unusual from every point of view, and his career intensely dramatic. The writer has conceived his hero in a very clear light, has drawn him with a bold and not unskillful hand. The story is full of high lights, of dramatic contrasts, of striking incidents; it is full of the stuff, in other words, of which real stories are made. As a piece of initial work it is not only a notable achievement, but it is full of promise for the future.

N'th Foot in War (The). By M. B. Stewart, 1st Lieut. U. S. A. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 175 pages. $1.

Nursing Ethics: For Hospital and Private Use. By Isabel Hampton Robb. J. B. Savage, Cleveland, Ohio. 5×7¾ in. 273 pages.

Observations of Henry. By Jerome K. Jerome. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 182 pages. $1.25.

Half a dozen amusing stories told in Cockney dialect by a typical London waiter who has been Henri in the West End and 'Enery in the cheap eating-houses. The stories have rather more of connected plot than the jocose Mr. Jerome usually cares to bother with, and they are all clever and lively. The illustrations in color are really very well done.

Octopus (The): A Story of California. By Frank Norris. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 652 pages. $1.50.

A book certain to arouse favorable and unfavorable comment, to be liked and disliked, to be looked at from many varying points of taste and thought, but at all events not a book to be passed over as slight, trifling, or merely amusing. Following Zola in his great trilogy of Paris life, Mr. Norris has attempted a trilogy of novels on wheat production and consumption; "The Octopus" tells of the fierce struggle between the wheat-raiser and the railroad which must bear the wheat to the market; a second novel will have the Chicago wheat-pit as its central point; a third, probably the relief of famine in the Far East by the wheat from the Far West. What economic value is to be attached to this "prose epic" of the contest between the great California wheat-raiser who looks out upon his ten thousand acres of growing wheat and the railroad which puts on "all the freight the product can bear," and thereby (in the story at least) drives the producer to bribery, bloodshed, and ruin, depends entirely upon the typicalness of the case presumably put forward as of general application. Certainly the reader must feel inclined by the vivid, dramatic narrative to the belief that a railroad system having a monopoly because of no business competitor, a carrier upon which the public at large depends for service, should be forced to submit to public supervision, even in the matter of rates, to prevent positive oppression. Mr. Norris's treatment of his subject is broad and comprehensive in its general plan, but in its detail minutely realistic. Sometimes this minuteness becomes annoying, as when, with a Maeterlinck-like repetition, he insists on mentioning a certain woman's "three-cornered white forehead" whenever he refers to her, or invariably tells us, when his would-be poet mounts his bicycle, that the handle-grips were made of cork; indeed, as Wagner has a musical phrase for every person or idea, so Mr. Norris seems bound to repeat certain descriptive phrases whenever his personages reappear in the tale. There is much, too, besides the trilogy-design that suggests Zola here: the eloquent reiteration of the lifelikeness of the earth smiling to the plow, teeming with the seed, giving birth to the harvest, often reminds one of "La Terre" and "Fécondité;" so does the rapid cumulative piling up of descriptive phrases in important passages. We have commented on the quite needless coarseness and brutality of two of this author's other stories; that element is less prominent here, and where it does occur is less willful, more a part of the general purpose. The latter part of the story seems

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to us not entirely to sustain the force and really tremendous energy of the earlier half; such a scene as that where, in alternate paragraphs, the railroad capitalists revel in wine and talk art while their starving victim dies on the street is, from the literary point of view, distinctly "yellow." A carping critic might find plenty of points for attack upon individual things in the book; yet, judging it as a whole, it is extraordinary in its grasp and in its vivid depiction of things pleasant and unpleasant, of people who (much as one dislikes some of them) are flesh and blood, not wooden pegs upon which to hang a sentimental or historical romance, of the conflict of elemental passions and forces.

Philosophy of Religion in England and America (The). By Alfred Caldecott, D.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 434 pages. $2.50.

The design of this work is quite different from that of others under the same title—for instance, Pfleiderer's. Dr. Caldecott has given us here an introduction to the history of Theism, a term which he takes as equivalent to Philosophy of Religion. There are many types of theism; many varieties of philosophy of religion; none of the competitors has gained assured predominance. Prerequisite to further progress is a survey of the field of thought since the Reformation, with an account of what has been done. Accordingly, Dr. Caldecott, distinguishing thirteen types among theistic writers, devotes himself to a series of critiques upon these as represented both by the greater and the lesser lights of thought. He does not consider it his business to adjudicate upon their competitive claims for preference, but rather to point out what they have made good and wherein they fall short. As a judicial summing up of the achievements of theistic thought thus far, Dr. Caldecott's work by its comprehensive critical sweep takes a place that no other takes. Among many noteworthy points may be instanced his censure of the neglect shown to the æsthetic element in theism, a neglect which has recoiled upon theism itself. Quite in the spirit of the twentieth century is his recognition of "Social Theism" as a type which "may claim to be the ultimate account of man's religious belief. . . . Such would be a religion of Humanity, in which Humanity is the subject which believes and worships." From his report, however, it appears to be a line on which thought is at present rather groping for the way. "Matthew Arnold comes as near as any one to the position of Social Theism." Finally, from the fact that an inquiry for the grounds that justify religious belief leads, not to a single theism, but to a complex literature, the conclusion is drawn that "even in the natural ways of establishing religious belief a variety of method is beneficently adapted to the variety which marks our human nature."

Political Economy of Humanism (The). By Henry Wood. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5¼×8 in. 319 pages. $1.25.

Robert Annys: Poor Priest. By Annie Nathan Meyer. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 347 pages. $1.50.

In many ways the historical episode treated in this novel is rich in color and romance. The rising headed by Wat Tyler was in a way a forerunner of all the labor and social struggles of later days; John Ball, the real hero of this story, had in him elements of strength and passion which may well stir an imaginative writer, as, in fact, they did inspire William Morris's "Dream of John Ball;" the corruption and arrogance of the Church incited to revolt not a few "poor priests" like Robert Annys, burning with zeal for the precepts of early Christianity and goaded to the point of martyrdom by the evils of ecclesiasticism. In the common life of the Englishmen of the fourteenth century there was abundance of picturesque and quaint material for fictional use. Out of all this Mrs. Meyer has formed a background for a vivid, brilliant tale, not without social purpose, but essentially a romance and a record of personal struggle and temptation. The book has dramatic qualities, and it holds the attention closely. It touches a new topic in the always popular domain of historical fiction, and it cleverly reconstructs a most important and significant period of English development—one tempestuous and full of conflicting tendencies, but still one out of which evolved English ideas of freedom in thought and action.

Second Dandy Chater (The). By Tom Gallon. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 329 pages. $1.50.

When a facial resemblance between two characters in a book is so strong that they cannot be told apart by their nearest friends, all sorts of comic and tragic combinations are possible, as Shakespeare showed us with his two Dromios. There is much ingenuity in the plot of this book, but its humor seems to us machine-made, and its tragedy of a cheaply melodramatic cast.

Souls of Passage. By Amelia E. Barr. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 327 pages. $1.50.

In this volume, as in the author's "Prisoners of Conscience," she seems at her best when her characters are near the sea. There are likable characters in this book, as are often those having some love for the sea and a great love for religion. Fresh, charming, and original as is the author's work in her latest book, we miss certain delicate shadings which might have given to it a greater title to consideration as literature. It is in any event a capital novel, and a particularly readable description of Scotch life.

Stage in America, 1897–1900 (The). By Norman Hapgood. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 408 pages. $1.75.

Reserved for later notice.

Stage Reminiscences of Mrs. Gilbert (The). Edited by Charlotte M. Martin. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 248 pages. $1.50.

The writer of these "Reminiscences" is one of the most interesting and admirable women now on the stage; her simplicity, her genuineness, her devotion to her profession, and her dramatic skill have long made her a familiar figure to that public which cares for the best comedy. It was a happy inspiration which led her, either at her own suggestion or at the suggestion of another, to write her reminis-

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cences. Mrs. Gilbert has been fortunate in associating with a great many interesting people, and she has an admirable style for this kind of writing; she is simple, direct, human, with an interest in common things, an eye for character, and the gift of humor. Her reminiscences are delightful reading.

Story of My Life (The). By Augustus J. C. Hare. Vols. III. and IV. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. $7.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Through Siberia. By J. Stadling. Edited by F. H. H. Guillemard, M.A., M.D. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6½×9½ in. 317 pages. $6.

There is poetic justice in a description of Siberia by a Swede. After the defeat at Pultava (1709)—a battle which marks the fall of Charles XII. of Sweden and the rise of Russia under Peter the Great—the captured Swedish officers were sent to Tobolsk and other places east of Russia, and these officers gave a first impulse to genuine civilization in Siberia. They explored the entire country to the shores of the Pacific, and were the first to sail to Kamchatka; they constructed the first iron-works in Siberia; they established schools and built churches. In the well-printed volume before us, Mr. Stadling, the distinguished Swedish sociologist and traveler, presents an account of Siberian journeys which have led him not only through comparatively well-known districts like that around Irkutsk, but especially through those little known, like the Province of Yakutsk, and finally over the far northern tundras of the Taimyr, which have never before been traversed by civilized man. Mr. Stadling knows his Russia well. Nine years ago, as the representative of various philanthropists in Sweden and America, he co-operated with the Tolstoï family in fighting the famine, and has visited Russia on many other occasions. His latest journey had a peculiarly interesting incentive: he had accompanied Andrée to the North to witness the latter's departure on his dangerous attempt to reach the North Pole by balloon. As months passed by and no news from the explorer arrived to relieve the general anxiety, a search along the Siberian coast was decided upon, and the Swedish Geographical Society requested our author to proceed thither and endeavor to obtain possible tidings of the expedition from the nomadic tribes of the tundras. The plan of descending the Lena River to its mouth, proceeding westward to the lower Yenisei, and of following the course of that river to civilization again, was eventually carried out, but not without great risk. Within a few miles from where Mr. Stadling was frozen in on an island in the Lena Delta, the crew of the Jeannette met their fate twenty years ago. However, the value of Mr. Stadling's book does not lie so much in his description of personal adventure—indeed, of this there is hardly enough. Nor does it lie in any description of the plants and animals of a little-known region; the references to these are regrettably few. The book's signal excellence lies in its description of a malady, at once political and social, from which Siberia and Russia alike are suffering—namely, the disheartening official corruption everywhere prevalent, the commercial monopolism and immorality, and, finally, the ravages of *vodka*, the Russian equivalent of whisky, and, like it, distilled from rye.

Tora of Moses (The): Reconstructive Criticism. By William Wallace Martin. The Publishing House of the M. E. Church, So., Nashville, Tenn. 5½×8¼ in. 339 pages. $1.50.

This handsomely printed volume evinces the author's learning and ingenuity. He contends for the traditional theory of the Mosaic authorship of Deuteronomy, but with this difference, that he holds that the book as we have it contains two ancient copies of the Mosaic law (*torah*, as Hebrew scholars usually spell it), and that the inconsistencies and contradictions which he, as well as other critics, finds in it are due to the unskillful compression of these into one. He undertakes to separate them, and to reproduce them side by side. It strikes us that this is a new specimen of the higher criticism rather than a "refutation" of it. Certainly it yields no more support to the traditional notion of Biblical inerrancy than the critical theory which it endeavors to refute and supersede. Leaving the criticism of Professor Martin's theory to those whom it assails, the most obvious objection we find to his conclusion that "the body of the law in the *torah* was given to Israel at one time" is in the entire absence of any evidence to warrant the belief that in the case of the Hebrew people the principle of historical development of their religious institutions illustrated in the history of all other peoples was departed from.

Under Tops'ls and Tents. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 272 pages. $1.50.

Sketches and incidents drawn from the author's experiences in the Naval Academy, at sea, and in the Spanish-American war, in which he served as chaplain. Some of these sketches are thrown into fiction form, but the more numerous direct narratives of personal happenings told in the first person are far more interesting. The book has tragic, pathetic, and humorous elements, and through all is the note of a vigorous Americanism.

Victoria: Maid, Matron, Monarch. By Grapho. (J. A. Adams.) The Advance Publishing Co. 5×7½ in. 252 pages. 50c.

With Porter in the Essex. By James Otis. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 5¼×8 in. 344 pages. $1.50.

Here the boy hero goes round Cape Horn with Captain Porter (afterwards Admiral Porter) in the famous voyage during the war of 1812, when Porter made himself a scourge to British shipping interests. The story is one to quicken the blood, and is here well presented. This is the third of a series of boys' books relating to Admiral Porter.

Without a Warrant. By Hildegard Brooks. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 292 pages. $1.50.

A new writer here makes a promising entrance into the field of minor fiction. The plot is exciting, although it includes an essential improbability—namely, that a party of gentlemen bent on kidnapping and taking to Central America to be punished (or, perhaps, themselves killing) an atrocious villain, should

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think it a matter of little consequence incidentally to kidnap and conceal in their camp in the woods, for days and perhaps weeks, a perfectly innocent and well-bred young woman. Barring this defect, which seems to us rather an important one, the tale is unusually good in its rapidly shifting situations, in its easy and natural dialogue, and in the saturnine humor of the gentlemanly lynchers.

Young Consul (The): A Story of the Department of State. By William Drysdale. Illustrated. W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 356 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Drysdale bids fair to rival "Oliver Optic" in the number and popularity of his books for young people. In some ways, in our judgment, his books are much superior to those of the much-beloved author just named, although the multitude of men who read Dr. Adams's books thirty years ago will never admit it. Mr. Drysdale always gives his story a background of solid information, interesting in itself and suggestive of a thorough study by the author of the special phase presented. Here, for instance, one finds an intelligent view of the workings and methods of the State Department; a previous volume in the series was a story of the business of the Treasury Department; while a former book dealt with the reporter's occupation. All these books are free from excessive sensationalism, yet have color and life. Boys like them and read them—which is more than can be said of many books bought for boys by fond parents.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

What, in your opinion, are the best commentaries on John's Gospel (1) in English, (2) German, especially recent works? A. G. B.

1. Godet's two volumes, $6; Meyer's one volume, translated from the German, $3 (Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York). 2. Holtzman.

Would you kindly advise the writer of any good text-book giving a synopsis of the views generally held for and against socialism, or any books stating the case for and against in a lucid fashion, with publishers and price? G. L. T.

Ely's "Socialism and Social Reform" not only states the pros and cons of this question judicially, but presents a list of the important books bearing upon every phase of it. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York, $1.50.)

Please refer me to some work wherein I can find discussed the following question: The relation of the Crown or King of England to the Government. My desire is to ascertain the various steps by which the Crown has been deprived of the power it once had in the government; and also exactly what power the Crown now has, and its means to make itself felt in the government. J. S.

Last week we reviewed the best book on this subject that ever came to our attention, "The Working Constitution of the United Kingdom," by Leonard Courtney (The Macmillan Co., New York).

1. Kindly give me the titles of several collections of Bible stories arranged for the use of very young children, giving me your opinion as to the best one. 2. I would also be very glad indeed to have you suggest several secular books which you consider particularly stimulating and valuable, to read aloud to the same children. F. F. B.

1. "First Steps for Little Feet," "Precept upon Precept," "Sequel to Peep of Day," "The Little Bible." 2. Seton-Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known," Kipling's "Jungle Stories," Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Mark Twain's "Prince and Pauper," Mrs. Dodge's "Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates."

1. What was the date of The Outlook containing former list of books for theological library? 2. What are best works for critical study of Tennyson? I have Van Dyke. 3. Who are the authors of the following: "Beyond the Shadow," "Problem of Immortality," "Man and the Spiritual World"? Also publisher and price. J. E. R.

1. Our issue for February 20 1897, contained a list "for a church reference library." June 12, 1897, a supplementary list was added "for a pastor's library." 2. Tennyson's Memoirs by his Son; Stedman in his "Victorian Poets." 3. J. M. Whiton; E. Petavel; Arthur Chambers (T. Whittaker, New York, $1.25; the Macmillan Company, New York, $4.50; G. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, $1.25).

A correspondent lately asked you to give the losses in the South African war compared with some losses in our war. You quote C. D. Pierce, of the Orange Free State. Here is the official report from the War Office in London, in January, 1901:

	Officers.	Noncom. Officers and Men.
Killed	234	3,216
Wounded	1,269	13,451
Died of wounds in South Africa	57	1,035
Missing and prisoners	304	8,042

Most of the prisoners have been accounted for and returned to their respective regiments, as the Boers cannot feed and care for them. Total killed, wounded, missing, and prisoners up to January 1, 1901, 25,709. About 250,000 troops have been landed in South Africa since the war began. I leave those interested to figure out the per cent. W. H. B.

We are frequently replying, generally by letter, to queries which reveal perplexities arising from misconceptions of religious truths. Some of these are from persons who wish to be set right, some from persons who wish directions how to set others right. A book included in our list "For a Pastor's Library," published February 23, "A Religion that Will Wear," is one that may be strongly recommended to all such, particularly to those whom modern science has imbued with doubts. Thoroughly modern in spirit and thoroughly religious also, wholly free from all bonds to theological formulas, it presents the simple faith that Jesus held as at once reconciling and rounding out the conflicting beliefs of men and satisfying all the essential demands of our nature. Those of our correspondents whom their letters show to be inclined to theosophy will find here, as in no other book that we have met, a friendly appreciation of the nobler side of Hinduism, and a hopeful indication of the line of thought in which the religions of the East and the West are to find their reconciliation with mutual gain. The author's name is not given. He avows himself merely "a layman" and "a Scottish Presbyterian." He is, however, a man of high culture and catholic human sympathy. (T. Whittaker, New York, $1.25.)

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Correspondence

The Platt Amendment: Is It an Ultimatum?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your article on the Cuban question in your issue of April 6 you repudiate with considerable vigor the idea that the Platt amendment is "an ultimatum," and among other things assert that "there is not the least reason for affirming that the Platt amendment is or was intended by Congress to be regarded as such an ultimatum." In my judgment, you are entirely in error in this statement, as, so far as the House of Representatives is concerned, I believe the fact to be precisely the other way. I judge your attention has not been called to the debate, so far as there was any debate, on the Army Bill. In that debate General Grosvenor expressly took the ground that the amendment was an ultimatum. When your attention is called to the fact that he is one of the three Republican members of the Committee on Rules, is a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, and is generally understood to voice the sentiments of the Administration, it is fair to assume that any assertion that he made relative to this question was a reasonably accurate statement of the intention of the Republican portion of the House of Representatives so far as it represents the Administration. In that debate the following colloquy occurred between Mr. Carmack, of Tennessee, and Mr. Grosvenor:

Mr. Carmack: I only want to ask a question. Suppose the people of Cuba should refuse to submit to these limitations on their independence provided in the Spooner amendment. What is this Government to do? [Mr. Carmack, in referring to the amendment, evidently meant the Platt amendment and not the Spooner amendment, as the Spooner amendment relates only to the Philippine Archipelago, and the Platt amendment relates to Cuba.]

Mr. Grosvenor: We have thus far, Mr. Speaker, been able to cross the bridges when we came to them without the aid of gentlemen on the other side.

Mr. Carmack: You are at the bridge now.

Mr. Grosvenor: There is no time to talk about what we will do if—

Mr. Carmack: That is because you will not give us time.

Mr. Grosvenor: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The question is, what shall we do to-day? To-day we put forth *the ultimatum* to the people of Cuba, not one branch of which will be held by the American people, by civilized people of the world, or, in my judgment, by the people of Cuba, to be onerous or unjust to them.

Mr. Carmack: The gentleman says "an ultimatum."

Mr. Grosvenor: Yes, I used the word "ultimatum" with absolute accuracy of understanding and meaning. The people of this country understand what it is.

If you care to follow General Grosvenor's statements further on this point, you will find them on page 3,988 of the "Congressional Record" of the Second Session of the Fifty-sixth Congress. Mr. Grosvenor has never yet been charged with any lack of ability to understand and appreciate the force of the English language, and he evidently labored under the impression that he knew what he was talking about on that occasion. Taking his position into account, and the fact that no man on the floor undertook to controvert or repudiate his assertion, not only is it not correct that there is not the least reason for affirming that the amendment was to be regarded as "an ultimatum," but, on the contrary, as it seems to me, there is every reason for affirming that it was intended by the House of Representatives to be so regarded; and, assuming that Mr. Grosvenor has the authority which he is credited with having in speaking for the Administration, there is every reason for affirming that the Administration so intended it. I am not able to speak for any other member of Congress, but I heard Mr. Grosvenor make the assertion in his speech, and I certainly understood him to assert, without any equivocation, that the Platt amendment was an absolute ultimatum.

I have no doubt your error was inadvertent, and occurred by reason of not having had your attention called to the facts.

C. E. LITTLEFIELD.

Rockland, Me.

[We comment on Congressman Littlefield's letter editorially in another place.—THE EDITORS.]

A Correction

To the Editors of The Outlook:

My attention has just been called to the statement in the issue of your valuable periodical, The Outlook, of Saturday,

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March 9, under the head of "Senatorial Elections," page 558, in which, among other things, you say: "The deadlock in the Oregon Legislature was broken on the last day of its session by the election of ex-Senator John H. Mitchell, who received the votes of nearly all the Democrats, and of enough Republicans to give him a bare majority. Ex-Senator Mitchell probably commanded Democratic support because of his advocacy of the free coinage of silver and the direct election of Senators during his former term in the Senate." I have always regarded the statements of The Outlook as being characterized by accuracy. In the foregoing, however, there has been, through inadvertence or misinformation, a gross departure from the facts. The facts are these: The Oregon Legislature is composed in all of ninety members. Of these sixty-two were Republicans; of the twenty-eight opposition seventeen were Democrats and eleven were elected on what were known as "Citizens' tickets." So far from "nearly all of the Democrats" having voted for me, the vote by which I was elected was as follows:

Republicans	35
Citizens	7
Democrats	4

I had, therefore, as you will observe, thirty-five Republican votes, or three more than a majority of all of the Republicans in the Legislature, seven elected as Citizens, and four simon-pure Democrats. Furthermore, the money question cut no figure whatever in the election. I am a Republican, in full accord with the principles of the Republican party. The Democratic and Citizen members of the Legislature who voted for me well knew this, nor would they have any respect for me whatever if I did not, in all respects relating to party matters, act with my party. They were high-minded, honorable, patriotic men—every one of them. They were opposed to a legislative deadlock which was threatened by a minority of the Republicans.

JOHN H. MITCHELL.

Christian Missions

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of March 23 there is an article entitled "The Scriptural Theory of Christian Missions." In it the author takes the position that the heathen are not really in much need of the Gospel; that the Gospel should not be preached to them until they are so desirous of hearing it that they will entertain the missionary free of all charge; that "in case of persecution the post should be abandoned," and that "only when the fields are white for the harvest is it proper to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers."

It is hardly necessary to state that if the missionaries had adopted this rule there had been no modern missions to discuss. What pioneer missionary cannot tell of opposition, persecution, mob violence, threatenings of death, all preceding the Gospel victories? How could Dr. Paton ever have landed on a savage cannibal island and won it to Christ if he had followed Mr. Wilson's dictum? It would indeed be delightful if the heathen nations would open their arms to receive the missionaries, but, as a matter of fact, they always regard them as intruders, and so treat them, until they win their way into their love and confidence. The seed must be sown before "the fields can be white for the harvest."

If Mr. Wilson had merely expressed his opinion and had so labeled it, there could have been no particular objection to his article, but when he calls it "the Scriptural theory," in the name of truth one must protest. What prophet of Israel ever waited before delivering his message to consider whether it would be favorably received or not? Christ taught in the Temple at Jerusalem when he had been expressly forbidden to by the rulers. He preached with such vehemence that he "aggravated instead of conciliated" his hearers. Therefore, according to Mr. Wilson, his conduct was unscriptural and he deserved to die. Stephen, full of the Christ spirit, also preached unwelcome truth. He was doubtless "aggravating." He also, then, deserved death for such unscriptural conduct. Peter and John, when told by the authorities not to preach the Gospel in Jerusalem, went right ahead and did it, preferring "to obey God rather than men."

Mr. Wilson even has the audacity to assert that Paul made it a principle in his missionary labors to preach only where he could be "safe from being opposed and persecuted." None could accuse

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Paul of such cowardice. That is not the way he "turned the world upside down." Paul never "abandoned a post" because of persecution. Though almost stoned to death at Lystra, he was back there before many weeks had passed organizing his converts into a church. He made it his practice constantly to revisit the places where he had won disciples. When he could not go in person, he wrote letters, or sent some one in his place. The fear of persecution never deterred him from revisiting the cities where he had previously preached. His long captivity in Cæsarea and Rome was the result of the very height of daring, when he insisted on returning to Jerusalem and exposing his person in the very court of the Temple.

Mr. Wilson goes so far as to assert that Paul shifted around and preached in out-of-the-way places to avoid notice, and so save himself from active opposition. As a matter of fact, his most strenuous efforts were devoted to the establishment of churches in large commercial centers, such as Corinth and Ephesus. Nor did he rest satisfied until he had penetrated to Rome itself.

The truth is, Mr. Wilson has built his theory very largely on the foundation of a few brief instructions that Christ gave to his disciples on the eve of their short evangelistic tour through the cities and villages of Galilee. Refusing to recognize their local and special significance, he has made them the basis of a universal, world-wide application. I should like to refer to other points that he raised, but enough has been said to show that the title "Scriptural," as applied to his theory, is unwarrantable.

SAMUEL C. HODGE.

Tunkhannock, Pa.

Rescue Homes

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In The Outlook of March 16 there was an article quoting the case of a young woman who was taken to court for disorderly conduct, and, although there was a doubt in her case, was condemned to jail. The article made a plea for a safe Home to which such a young woman, or one who was not hardened in wickedness, could be sent. The Magdalen Home, of which I am one of the managers, and so can speak with full knowledge, is just such a one. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the Hudson, at One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Street, is under the charge of cultivated Christian women, and girls and women sent there are shielded and influenced and have every opportunity to start on a new career. It is largely endowed, so there is no need of money (*mirabile dictu!*), and we could take many more inmates.

New York. E. W. G.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I was interested to read the article in The Outlook of March 16 headed "A Needed Reform," but was surprised at the last sentence: "The Woman's Christian Temperance Union could undertake no better work than the organization of a reform in some one of our States conducted along these lines of reformation." In several of our States the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has been for years managing and supporting just such Homes and saving just the class of girls you describe.

The New Hampshire Woman's Christian Temperance Union has had such a Home for eleven years, and I am pleased to send you one of our annual reports. This we consider our most important line of work, and more money was raised and contributed by our Union last year for Mercy Home than for all other departments of work.

New Hampshire is not alone; our sister State, Vermont, has a similar Home, and so have several others. In our last National report, in reply to the question, What specific work have you undertaken? Mississippi answers, "Rescue Home;" Wisconsin replies, "Home for Unfortunate Girls," etc. We believe there can be no work of more vital importance than this.

ELLEN R. RICHARDSON,
Pres. New Hampshire Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

East Haverhill, Mass.

An Error

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I find, in reading The Outlook for March 9, that it says, in substance, that the gambling law went into effect "on Washington's Birthday." This is an error. The law goes into effect on February 22, 1902, this date being agreed upon as a sort of compromise.

Rawlins, Wyoming. H. S. BRODT.

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The Home Garden

The large house occupied by the Home Garden at 322 Pleasant Avenue, New York, is for sale, and the friends of the settlement are hard at work trying to raise the necessary fourteen thousand dollars to purchase it. The house has nineteen rooms, and stands in its own grounds, having a good-sized playground in the rear.

Here the children of the near-by tenements and parties from the down-town slums are welcomed to a *real home*—the home life being the chief characteristic of the work. Sewing, manual-training, and gymnasium classes are held, and the doors are opened every day after school hours to the children, who play games and do simple kindergarten work.

The playground is open all summer, and is a constant delight, with its games, its sand-board, and its tiny garden-plots. The Sunday-school is well attended.

"I'm the fellow that's always in the way. I can't stay in the house, because me mother chases me, and when I just begin to have some fun on the street the cop gits after me. There ain't no room for me nowhere." The speaker was a fit subject for the truant school, but he only voiced the experience of thousands of children of the tenements. It is to make a place for such as he that the Home Garden appeals for funds to buy this commodious property.

Miss Anna C. Ruddy is the head worker, and she is ably assisted by an auxiliary committee of which Mrs. Ira Davenport is President, Miss I. M. Cammann Vice-President, Mrs. Anthony Dey Nicholls Secretary, and Miss Margaret A. Jackson Treasurer. All contributions may be sent to Miss Anna C. Ruddy, the Home Garden, 322 Pleasant Avenue, New York.

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The Southern Library Fund

In 1892 a Southern minister and teacher applied to me for second-hand publications for free distribution among people who had no money to buy them. The generous supplies obtained from the North were followed by touching expressions of gratitude. Other calls which came received a prompt response.

From this humble beginning has grown a practical educational effort under the name of Lend a Hand Book Mission, which has gained in scope and value until its influence cannot be measured. For eight years thousands of second-hand books and periodicals have been sent to our Southern co-workers for free distribution in destitute schools and churches of both races, and in prisons, mining districts, and factory villages. Packages of papers have been put in market wagons, in country post-offices and stores, with this notice: "After reading please Lend a Hand and pass the paper to your neighbor."

Influential men and women of the South are carrying forward various educational enterprises with great success. The King's Daughters, women of the Temperance Union, and others collect and distribute large supplies of reading matter. The women's clubs are sending traveling libraries into the small obscure places. They ask our help. Appeals come to me constantly for the best modern books. To meet this need the Southern Library Fund has been started. Its object is to buy books for traveling libraries and for schools, and to form the nucleus of free public libraries in small towns where the applicants are making an effort to help themselves.

People with good capabilities held down by restricted conditions have caught a glimpse of a great world of knowledge in the distance which they long to reach. These libraries will give them access to the works of the best scientists, historians, poets, novelists, theologians, and afford children entertaining story-books with attractive illustrations. The importance of this literary companionship cannot be overestimated.

The Treasurer of the Southern Library Fund is Mr. James R. Joy, Methodist Book Concern, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York; the Secretary, Miss Anna E. Wood, Lend a Hand Office, 1 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Friends are earnestly solicited to contribute to the Southern Library Fund. Postal orders and checks should be made payable to the Treasurer. Receipts will be given, and a Report will be published annually, with the names of the donors and the amount each has donated.

SARAH P. BRIGHAM,
Lend a Hand Society.

Boston, Mass.

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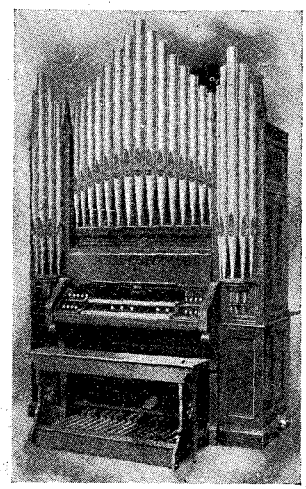

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